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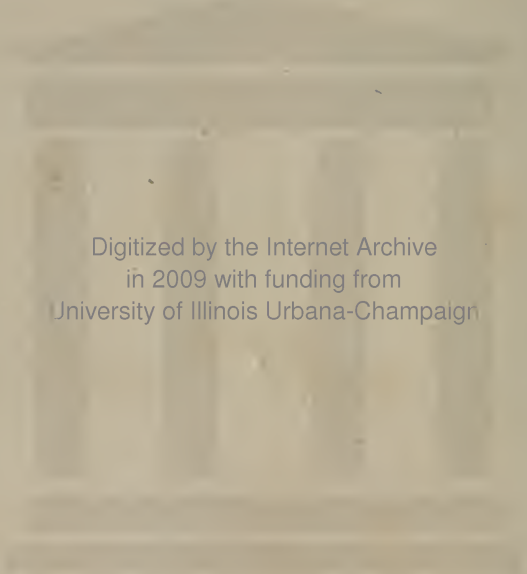


*W. H. Thistlethwaite.*

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*Thos. Thistlethwaite*

MEMOIRS  
OF  
A MAN OF FASHION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INCLUDING

*A n e c d o t e s*

OF

MANY CELEBRATED PERSONS,

WITH WHOM HE HAD

INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

---

“ Blame where you must—be candid where you can.”

JOHNSON.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# MEMOIRS

OF

## A MAN OF FASHION

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### CHAPTER I.

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I REMAINED but a short time at Leghorn, as I determined to visit every thing worthy of attention in Italy. My first objects were pleasure and information; and not being overburthened with money, I had sufficient leisure for observation.

I now pushed my researches pretty

far (for a Man of Fashion); and I acquired some taste for antiquities, history, painting, music, sculpture, and architecture. Whole days did I pore over the ruins of antiquity, the vestiges of former greatness: I recalled, in imagination, the ancient days, when Rome, free and victorious, was mistress of the world,—when she excelled in arts and arms, and dictated the law to suppliant and admiring nations.

In those scenes of former greatness, beauty and love,—genius and imagination may be said to sit enthroned with wisdom and freedom manacled at their feet. Here devotion and impiety often join hand in hand; affection and vengeance meet and embrace; in the

very folds of infuriated love, hatred and assassination lurk, and often complete their work of mischief. Every object around you seems to breathe the incense of love offered up to beauty, fascination, and talent ; yet such is the feeble state of impassioned reason, and such the want of energy in the laws, that vices multiply under the very eye of religion, and crimes find refuge in the holy sanctuary.

Amongst the men, love-quarrels and secret jealousies frequently produce bloodshed ; nor is the ensanguined dagger and the poisonous bowl wholly unknown or unused by the bewitching beauties of Italy.

The violence of what *we* call the

*tender* passion is at its acme in that country. The French woman is *emportée*, haughty, proud, disdainful, when occasion requires it—uncertain, querulous, and unmanageable; but she soon *consoles* herself: her love has a double share of wings, and she easily forgets every former impression; whilst *la superba Romana*, who loves to excess, is not more faithful than the *Francesa*, but cannot bear that her lover should bestow on another one single glance, although she herself may stray; and if she detect his infidelity, he may rue the consequences; at least I found it so.

The men here bear no trace of the ancient nobility, of the Roman figure,

or character. Ignorant, enervated, relaxed, and voluptuous, they represent any thing but what we have read of Romans; often too their persons are so diseased and emaciated, that one cannot wonder at the inconstancy of their wives and mistresses, or at the degeneration of their race. They are, however, amorous and jealous in the extreme, and bear the same character of vindictiveness, which is observable in the weaker sex. Poverty and pride are nearly allied in them, and you will often find a *principe* in a superb *palazzo*, seated in his marble halls, with statues and fine paintings gracing every corner of his mansion, attended by numerous ill-dressed slaves of servants, habited himself in thead-

bare coat or ragged night-gown, his linen of a coffee colour, his person neglected, a favourite dog in his lap, and one egg and a glass of iced water forming his frugal repast. The pride of being a *principe* or a *nobile* is not the only vanity which haunts the Italian brain—the glory of being a Roman, even in this fallen state, is yet unextinguished; and I shall never forget the look of ineffable contempt which a beggar gave his companion, when, after a quarrel about a game at *la mora*, the Neapolitan reproached the Roman with cheating him; on which the latter, rising with indignation, and measuring the other with scornful eye, and with a menacing attitude, exclaimed — “ *Sapéte voi che son nobile*

*Romano?*" The air, the attitude, and the intonation of voice, would have done honour to Kemble in his best of Roman characters. Nor shall I easily forget the impetuosity of a noble Venetian, when after a quarrel at play, not being able to abuse the emigrant Duc de G——, in good French, he followed him out of the gaming-house with a contemptuous sneer, and in barbarous French articulated "*Mous-sou vous etes bossu et cocu.*"

I arrived at Venice in the time of carnival, and witnessed that gay, vicious, and pleasurable scene, which has so often been described.

At Florence I could have fixed my



residence with great satisfaction. The country, the climate, a select foreign society, admirable music, and a fine theatre delighted me; and, as I spoke Italian fluently enough, and was now becoming quite a cosmopolitan, I had a decided advantage over my discontented countrymen, who were either Bond-street loungers, or mere sporting men.

I should probably have remained much longer at Florence, had not my *chere Comtesse* been of a most restless disposition; and had I not fallen into some unexpected property, which decided me on setting off for Naples, in order to enjoy English society, and to enlarge my scale of living. Madame was delighted at this; for she courted



crowds, and was miserable when not surrounded by a host of admirers; besides this increase of means offered increase of amusement, and presented a new field for her extravagance. Every day we got more tired of each other, and sought separate amusements and interests. Indeed, she reproached me with being a *mere husband*, nothing like the lover: our establishment was *un triste ménage*; our life quite matrimonial; and, to use her own words, *monotone à mourir*.

With respect to my increase of property, the circumstances were as follow:—My father had entered into a law-suit, which passed into Chancery. The object was a doubtful claim on a

property of my maternal uncle's, not exceeding in value five thousand pounds. It had lasted for many years of my father's life; and I had carried it on until I was tired of the very name of it: I had even offered my chance to a Jew for five hundred pounds, which proposal he rejected with disdain; and I should have dropped it entirely on going abroad, had not a desperate lawyer undertaken to prosecute the business on the terms of no cure no pay, provided I would give him a fourth of whatever I recovered, exclusive of the law expenses, which, in case of our succeeding, would fall on the other party. To my utter astonishment, I did succeed; and the arrears, interest, &c. increased this small property to

twenty thousand pounds, out of which I gladly paid five, and launched forth again, with some degree of eclat, on the continent.

On my arrival at Naples, I received a letter from Eliza Mannering. She had suffered a severe illness, and was advised to try a change of air; a proposal of marriage had also been made to her, which she communicated to me, with the information of her refusal. What a contrast between the Comtesse and her! This renewal of intercourse was very hostile to my happiness, and to the interest of Madame. I wrote to Eliza, inviting her to come to Naples, and inclosing her a sum of money; but my invitation and money were rejected.

Some time after she informed me by letter, that she had met with a widow of distinction, with whom she travelled to the south of France, but had not proceeded farther; so that we did not meet. During this period, she would not receive the small annuity, which it gave me such heartfelt satisfaction to allow her; and, indeed, in every act of her life, I had to admire her truth, her justice, and the delicacy of her sentiments.

Previously to my quitting Florence, the Comtesse and I had a *scene*. She had involved me in debt, of which I was not aware; and the exposé displeased me exceedingly. She treated the matter with great levity; and, by the end of our journey, coldness and

dislike had established themselves between us. Her beauties had become *more* than familiar to me ; her arts and enchantments had lost the power of novelty ; want of feeling destroyed her most attractive graces ; and the conviction of not being beloved excited almost hatred in my heart.

How I longed for the society of an Englishwoman, whose softness and sensibility lend attraction even to imperfect features ; whose changeful blush and warm smile speak the language of the heart, and show the *woman* in every look ; whose unstudied play of features faithfully interpret the motions of her mind ; whose retiredness is modesty ; whose kindness is genuine !

How mistaken is the man who sets up a goddess for his idolatry ; whilst lovely *woman*, however imperfect, can alone fill the heart ; yet the folly and vanity of young or inexperienced men commonly leads them to be proud of keeping an object for other men's envy and admiration ; and they never fail to deplore the madness of such conduct. Infidelity, extravagance, change, cruelty, and caprice, with self-reproach, and the pity and ridicule of others, are the invariable attendants on such a connexion.

I have already given some idea of the Comtesse Marguerite's self-love and self-adorning ; but I will now describe her toilette, her occupations, and her

manner of living, by which an Englishman may be able to calculate the *solid enjoyments* arising from such a connexion, and to estimate the high price which the possession of such a divinity must annually cost the happy possessor, taking with him this reflection, that a *Venus de Medicis*, or any other Venus painted or sculptured by the ancients, is always disposable and rising in value, whilst the modern Venus, *painted and adorned* by artists less ancient and eminent, is decreasing in estimation every day, and is not always marketable.

Marguerite sounded her repeater, and rang her bell about nine A. M. ; but as the toilette was an affair of many hours,



it would be fatiguing to attempt it on an empty stomach ; she therefore had a cup of *caffè à la crème*, or a cup of chocolate, brought by her obsequious waiting-woman to her bed-side. No partner was allowed to share the *dejeuné*, or to intrude on these hours of privacy. The instant she had taken this refreshment, her looking glass was consulted in a reclining posture ; and elegant attitudes were practised in this interesting state, whilst Josephine sprinkled odours over her couch, and offered the sweeter incense of flattery. “ How well madame la comtesse looked ! ” *quelle fraîcheur !* &c. without which she would have lost her place. Marguerite arose, and plunged herself into her bath, being previously anointed



with almond and other pastes, and afterwards dried with the finest linen, and perfumed with the richest odours. A most becoming cambric morning-dress now adorned her person; and a pair of Turkish slippers, glittering with gold spangles, formed her first adjustment, in which she passed before divers mirrors to her cabinet de toilette. Removing her chicken-sleeping gloves, and the cambric *bandeau d'amour* (one of which protected her white arms from the air, while the other preserved the lustre and polish of her forehead), her long hair was now let loose, and arranged in twenty practised manners; whilst Josephine *daily* exclaimed, *quelle belle chevelure!*

An hour or two of consultation and of experiment now passed on the subject of what was to be worn on that day; after which, the combing and perfuming of her ringlets succeeded; and company was admitted during the remaining two hours, which were employed on her teeth, hands, and locks. I was then allowed the inexpressible felicity of revisiting the idol of my folly for a short time; and even this visit was latterly dispensed with. Seated in the most advantageous light amongst flowers or burning odours, this Cleopatra now gave audience, and distributed hopes and fears to her numerous admirers, until Josephine reminded her of the hour.

She then left them with smiles and gracefulness, and proceeded to an inner chamber to change her costume. Thence she sallied in all the pride of beauty, in order to intrigue, to take an airing, and to fancy some expensive whim, which *must* be sent home; or she fell into a rage, pretended to shed tears, and would not be seen or spoken to the rest of the day. If obeyed in her commands, and gratified in her expensiveness, she smiled, and affected a playfulness, which was foreign to her nature; for pride was too much a despot with her to allow of any other a *determined* sentiment.

A dining-dress next set off her beauties. She ate little, drank champagne,

took some fruit, asked for money, whilst the bottle was in circulation; and if refused (which never happened but twice), she retired to her room, sent for refreshments, locked her chamber-door, and retired early to bed. If granted, she made a third toilette of long duration, eclipsed all that she had done before, and shone like the evening star in public, flirting and playing off a thousand wiles, in order to inspire love, admiration, envy, and desire, by turns. I have often calculated, that the hours of sleep and toilette being deducted from the residue of her day, she had about six to dispose of to her friends, the smallest portion of which fell to my *happy* lot.

On our arrival at Naples, she proposed that we should have separate apartments, alleged on the ground of indisposition; and we were now quite like fashionable married people. I did not much regret this change; and I am persuaded that it was very convenient for her. Our naval companion was amongst our first visitors, and she seemed much pleased to renew the acquaintance; that is to say, she showed that placid condescension which might be considered a high favor from her.

A sailor is thought by persons of the Chesterfield school a man ill calculated to please the fairer sex, or to rise high in the annals of gallantry; but this

is an error: the well-born sailor can lay aside a good deal of the roughness of his profession; whilst his privations, his absence from the world, his hardships, which form such a powerful contrast with the sweets of female society, render him an enthusiast in love, endow him with a taste for extravagance, an absence of prudence and calculation, a flattering impatience, and a mind easily deceived. All these qualifications are very agreeable to an artful courtisan; and a son of Neptune is often, by her, preferred to a son of Mars. High and royal authority justifies this opinion; and I had no doubt of it whilst at Naples, although a *very high* person once said that he never

knew but one naval officer who was a gentleman and a man of fashion in his manners.

Lord A. B. was another instance of naval favourites which the Comtesse furnished me with ; but away with the unwelcome *souvenir*.

At Naples, the most brilliant British society was then to be met with ; a queen reminding me of the most perfect model of sovereign elegance on earth, Marie Antoinette, whom I had seen in my boyish days whilst passing a *quinzaine Anglaise*, i. e. a ruinous fortnight at Paris in the long vacation ; a court co-operating with England, and under her influence, resisting the mili-



tary leviathan of France ; a naval hero planning and combining stupendous conquests, tracing with his eagle eye and daring mind plans of future glory, deeds of arms to astound and terrify surrounding and admiring nations ; actions to exalt still higher the meteor flag of England, and to sound her immortal praise “ with thunders from her native oak.” Must I speak of Lord Nelson ? I am incapable of describing him : so wonderful, yet so weak a man ! such an original—such an extraordinary character ! tender, warm-hearted, and kind to a fault, yet irritable as the fretful porcupine ; wholly unfitted from his constitution for the sea, yet the greatest naval hero of ancient or of modern times ; formed by nature for the shade



of retirement, yet made the constant sport of fortune in wonderful and perilous adventure; immeasurably ambitious, grand and exalted in every thing, yet of sickly structure, and often of melancholy and retired habits; possessing the heart of a lion, pent up in a narrow circumscribed case of clay; he was, truly,

“A fiery soul, which, working out its way,

“Fretted its pigmy body to decay.”

Never was a more dauntless hero or a more romantic knight than Lord Nelson. He would have been deified in the thirteenth century; in the eighteenth his character was ill understood, and much misrepresented. Unhappy in domestic life, his heart sought for a resting

place ; and no bosom was ever more open to the impression of friendship and of love. Mangled and maimed in his slender body, often on a bed of sickness, oftener still in the world of waters, where he was excluded from all intercourse with polished life ; shut out from all social converse and soothing beguilement of life's weary hours ; borne on that uncertain element betwixt heaven and the overwhelming deep, with

“ *Cœlum undique et undique Pontus,*”

was it to be wondered that wrongs, injuries, and slights, brought cruel remiscences to his mind, and tinged the complexion of his thoughts ? Was it extraordinary that attentions, praises,

flattery, female condescensions, and ladies' favors, won his heart and lulled his reason into inactivity? Were the errors of such a man, or indeed of any man who gives his blood, his time, his life, and sacrifices his comforts and his repose to his country's safety and renown, to be viewed in the same mirror, weighed in the same scale, with the idle worldling loling in security and repose, and inventing pleasures for his fickle and oversated appetite? Certainly not. The frailties of human nature were his inheritance, in common with his fellow men; but, in the cause of honor, he was chaste and unsullied as Dian's fountain; and, had a compromise of that virtue been proposed to him at the price of empires, he would

have answered, as Racine has made his Porus reply to Alexander :—

“ Qui ne nous content rien, Seigneur ! osez vous le croire ?

“ Compterais je pour rien *la perte de ma gloire* ?

“ Votre empire et le mien seraient trop achetés

“ S'ils coutaient à Porus les moindres lachetès.”

If charity be a virtue, a certain clergyman at Merton can bear such testimony as would astonish the most humane and generous. The idle rumour of Nelson's intimacy with the Queen of Naples is the child of scandal and of malevolence. His talents, his prowess, his services, demanded no small share of partiality and of esteem. This he unboundedly received; and the tribute did honor to both. The poor King of Naples was a weak man; one

of the crowned heads whose *crown* enclosed no brain, and surmounted a *plenum vacuum*. So much was Acton both king and queen at one time, that a wag wrote upon the palace—

“ Hic Regina; hæc Rex; hoc Acton ;

“ Hic, hæc, hoc, Acton.”

Many were the intrigues, many were the factions, which agitated the court of Naples; and, but for our government and for Nelson, all would have been for ever lost to the dynasty on the throne, long, very long ago; for the French party was more powerful than is generally imagined; and, *at that time*, French revolutionary principles were lurking in every constitution in Europe, and were undermining its most vital parts: the

republic had inoculated half the children of Europe with this inveterate *mal francese*, which proved incurable, but by the sword. Indeed, the defects of almost every constitution in Europe, the gangrene of error, and the moth of superstition, added to the want of liberty, and the religious and political impiety which tyranny had inflamed, made the ignorant and short-sighted look for *any* change as a beneficial operation. But a truce to moralising and to politics. I had promised myself at starting to meddle with neither.

The court of Naples was only like neighbouring courts, corrupt, venal, and voluptuous. The climate, and relaxed habits of the country, favor the last sort

of vices : the former are common even to northern powers. A want of talent, or rather a want of the employment of talent, completed the disease ; and of this revolutionary France availed herself, by opposing to paralysed Europe all the energy and activity of talent, civil and military, which her soil produced ; to which she added the services of foreigners of all countries, provided that they possessed enterprise and intellect enough to suit her purposes ;—a useful lesson.

Naples is, in itself, delightful. Its bay is matchless in beauty ; and it abounds in the most interesting objects of nature and of art. I do not at all wonder at Madame Murat's partiality



to her husband's usurped dominions, nor at her bearing the anagram of her title "*Lipano*," after her expulsion, as a *cher Souvenir* of past felicity. Naples is positively a most attractive spot; and, whether a man be a philosopher or a Philander; whether study, science, and improvement, or pleasure, gallantry, and gaiety, be his objects, he can gratify either to the fullest state of fruition. If he but know the language, and be of polite and sociable manners, he can, with a very moderate fortune, procure not only every necessary, but every luxury of life; and, if the fine arts, and the enchantment of music delight him, he can no where be more perfectly at home than at Naples.



Having said thus much of Naples itself, I cannot extend my eulogy *pari passu* to its inhabitants. In high society, the men are full of intrigue, ignorance, and inactivity ; and the women are voluptuaries of the first order, without the mystic veil which love more reasoned and more politic “ throws over our feelings like gauze ;” and which, to a British mind, adds an inexpressible charm to enjoyment. The lower classes are idle, dirty, revengeful, and unprincipled. It *literally* makes my skin creep to think of the Lazzaroni and other hideous objects, mostly the martyrs of vice, who infest the streets, and who offend the eye of delicacy. Were Naples inhabited by Britons, it would be almost an earthly paradise.

## CHAPTER II.

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I now come to the British society at Naples. Besides Lord Nelson, there were a British prince, the most polite and accomplished ambassador in Europe, two most noble marquesses, Lord B—, Sir Hilario Legion, Lady Hamilton, and a *longo ordine gentes*, who would fill up twice the limits of my work—not to forget a gallant bishop, and a *noblesse emigré à perte de vue*. Honest John Bull was very content in Italy with a mouthful of barbarous Italian, (probably confined

to *no star buono*), provided he had a stomach full of meat and of wine ; with which, however, he was never contented, no beef being to him like that of Leadenhall-market, and no poultry like a Norfolk turkey.

The youth of Albion were engaged in English parties, in splendid entertainments, in vieing with each other in extravagance, in gaming, in *ill-selected* amours, in horse-racing, and in abusing each other; but all their enjoyments were purely English; and had I been taken asleep into an evening party, with the shutters shut, I should, on awaking, have thought myself either in a dream or in London.

There were two classes of my countrymen whom I sincerely pitied abroad, —Cicerones and travelling companions, whether as medical or as preceptorial characters. The former were the slaves of the public, driven abroad mostly by dire necessity; unhappy, home-sick, envious of each other, full of trick, quackery, and cupidity. The Domini again were the veriest bear-leaders in the world, subject to the caprices and to the variation of temper of untravelled, wine-sick, perverse heirs, and of spoiled, ignorant, and arrogant young men, coming, like mushrooms, rapidly and without culture into life. The patience and condescension of their companions ought to be great indeed: and when so qualified, they

were much to be pitied. But when, as it often occurred, these M. D's. and LL. D's. were the parasites of their patron in perspective—when they flattered his follies, lauded his stupidity, and administered the *placebo* to his weak and diseased mind and body, they deserved contempt. Such complaisance, however, leads to the mitre and to the civil list, to professional advancement, to places of trust, to seats in parliament, and to offices of high emolument; and I feel that it is moderation on my part to dismiss the subject thus easily and thus briefly.

One cannot speak of Naples without naming poor Lady Hamilton, who should be at rest with many who still

lacerate her memory ; with many who, from having extensively partaken of her protection, of her influence abroad, and of her hospitality *every where*, have smote the hand which welcomed them, and have stabbed that heart which received them to unmerited confidence and undeserved regard.

Lady H— came too suddenly into life, and too early felt the blaze of admiration. In a more progressive rise to high life she would have had more experience and more *retenue*. As it was, elevated to the confidence of the Queen, celebrated for her beauty by the hands of the most celebrated artists of the age, whose works in painting and in sculpture will perpetuate her

charms to ages yet to come, wedded to the representative of majesty, and that representative the most polished and refined, made the confidant of the naval hero of the world, and enabled to conduct him to new triumphs by her zeal and by her superior information, was it to be wondered at that she grew vain, and lost herself?

Life was like a drama to her; and broad comedy and imitative ability were her fort. No one could better caricature nature than herself; no one more ably represent our foibles and our passions. All too was well done, whilst in power. The levity of the court at which she resided was *then* no crime; the easy and ambiguous speech, conveying mirth and loose ideas, was



*then* praised by nobles and by grey beards ; but when the scene changed, so did her fortunes. Had she ended her career at Naples it had been fortunate for her memory. One thing is certain, that her country owed her much. If secret services, to save or to enrich a state, merit a recompense, she died our creditor ; if not, something was due to an ambassador's widow ; and I was informed by an illustrious prince, and a philanthropist, who interested himself in her behalf, that if sought on *this* score only, and craved according to his advice, some efficient relief would have been afforded to her in the wretched remnant of her life.

Her greatest fault, "*selon moi*," was the publication of Lord Nelson's letters,



thereby selling his genius and respectability as a miserable catch-penny ; but, added to her own assurance, I have good grounds to believe that they were unfairly obtained from her, and no personal benefit derived therefrom. I have myself seen some of Lord Nelson's poeticals, unpublished, on various subjects. His muse certainly sailed without chart or compass, and they were mostly written under generous impressions, but quite *invita Minerva*. But why dwell on the *minima macularum*, in such a character, on an imprudent love-letter, or an unpoetical stanza ? We should rather say of him, as the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos did to the Grand Condè, "*ma foi, monseigneur*

*on n'est pas heros par tout ;*" whilst his spirit might whisper to many a self-sufficient great man, and to many a right reverend and right honorable censor,

" Monseigneur, *à notre place,*

" *Vous en auriez fait autant.*"

Here did a *manly* fellow, a British colonel, wed beauty, covering a virago's soul—the loveliest woman that ever trod the earth, but violent as the austral blast. An ignorant physician, however, soon ended his troubles ; for, bleeding him in an indigestion, he eased him of all his cares ; and his *cara sposa* fell to an ill-fated Scotchman. The *Dottore Napolitano* also gave up *his business* whilst I was at Naples ;

and to no one could the following epitaph be more suitable in every point than to this expeditious executioner, and *soi disant* learned practitioner :

“ Passant, ne pleurs pas mon sort,

“ Si je vivais tu serais mort.”

CHAPTER III.

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My intercourse with my comtesse grew every day more constrained. Every day did we discover some imperfection in each other. I had never decidedly suspected her of a want of fidelity to me, although I knew her to be affectionately attached to herself alone. One evening, however, in coming from seeing the *Pescatori* (fishing by torch-light in the bay), I surprised her reading letters, when she hustled them, in confusion, into a spangled bag. On my taking up

*par desœuvrement*, and without intention, the precious repository, she flew at me like a hawk ; and putting it behind her hastily, sat down again, with assumed composure ; then, with an elevation of the eye-brows, and a haughty air, she said, “ *Monsieur, il faut respecter mon reticule.*” I gravely answered her, “ *Madame, jusqu’à present j’ai respecté tous vos ridicules,*” and I retired.

From that moment we were enemies ; and it was not very long afterwards that we separated. I shall never forget the singularity of our parting scene. She came into my dressing-room one morning, with an air of gravity, a *serieux forcé*, through which cheerful-

ness of heart shone visible, and, sitting down beside me, she tapped my cheek kindly and familiarly, gave a superficial *easy* sigh, and exclaimed, in a silvery tone, “*mon ami, nous nous n'aimons plus.*”—“ My friend, we cease to love each other.” She then looked as bewitching as she could; and, to tell the truth, I never saw her in a more *friendly light* than at that precious moment.

In few, but well chosen expressions, with here and there a pressure of the hand, ever and anon a shortness of respiration, dejected eye-lash, and broad smile in turn, voice modulated, and studied cadence, practised attitude, and allurements, she announced to me the *propriety* of our separation, the change

of sentiment, the mutual benefit of absence, her remembrance, her regrets, her *best* wishes : in short, she had met with other offers, and never did couple part with more sighs, looks, and embraces ; with more of the forms and ceremonies of love, yet with less regret.

Many years after, we met at a masquerade, when the want of tie, and the perfect independence added to the perversity of nature, made us almost inclined to enter into a second courtship ; but she was more candid than myself : she assured me that liberty was the soul of love ; that the domesticated lover was *a drone*, the *roving* bee brought all the honey ; that from

the moment that we were *en menage* I grew indifferent to her; and that she had now *almost* a mind (as we were parted) to make me her *caprice*! What a riddle is woman! But how many women, were they to lay their hands on their hearts and speak truth, would echo the sentiments of Marguerite!

This separation, although convenient in the extreme, left me cold and gloomy as a winter's night. My vanity suffered by her defection; and I dreaded that she should remain at Naples, as if her falsehood could have dishonored me. But her translation to another car blasted my triumphs; and, like many men, I now found that vanity was the basis of our alliance, and



whim and passion the mere super-structure.

Love is a warfare ; but, to an active mind, a truce or cessation of hostilities is often more dangerous than the hardest service. I felt it so ; I cursed the tender passion : like the disappointed soldier, I murmured at the perils of the war, yet could not endure the want of activity, the inert obscurity of peace. I blamed myself, Marguerite, all man and womankind ; and yet I fain would have been in love again. I found that solitude suits not man ; and that when we think ourselves most free and independent, we are often the least so. Love is the natural state for which the heart was formed ; when most betrayed, when

most disappointed, still do we feel the *besoin d'aimer*. Yet is it true that

“ It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
“ On such as smile upon us ; the heart must  
“ Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust  
“ Hath wean'd it from all worldlings.”

I now courted retirement, and affected to be a *savant*. I improved myself in Spanish ; in which, for a short time, I took great delight ; I even attempted poetry : all would not do. To a man who has driven “ fashion’s airy circle through,” these amusements fill not the heart or mind. A man of the world is, in retirement, like a tenant of the air in captivity and solitude, a thing completely out of its element. Many a reformed rake has rusticated with the most amiable of women, and made two

persons completely miserable. Many a recovered spendthrift has resolved to lead a bachelor's life, and has taken a farm ; and pretty farming it has been. The hours, the life, the society, are so different, that he has always left it with disgust, unless it has left him with bankruptcy.

I remember once meeting a St. James's Street *merveilleux*, whom you might have winded, from the perfumery about him, at many streets distance, as the Spice Islands are perceived whole leagues before you approach them ; whose tailor used to invent for him a new cut of coat monthly ; whose glossy locks dropped odours like the beard of old Aaron ; whose boots might have served

for his looking-glass ; and on whose polished beaver not a hair sat out of place ; who had a brooch for every day, a ring for every week, and a fresh snuff-box for every month. I remember this Jemmy Lincom taking his half hour's canter through the streets, and then lounging till dusk, previous to a *toilette recherchée*, in which he was to appear at dinner, and to be just *perceived* at the Opera—and all at once he was converted into a country gentleman.

I saw him at his thatched cottage, with a plush shooting jacket, three tiers of pockets on each side, a scarlet waistcoat, corderoy breeches, leather gaiters, like a woodman, an oil-skin cover on

his hat, driving gloves, and a spade in his hand; he was pretending to garden. I had nearly forgotten to mention his Welch wig, assumed to protect him from the northern blast, which had brought on rheumatism in his head. When he perceived me, he desisted from labour, and, reclining in a studied attitude on his spade, enlarged on the *felicity* and the *salubrity* of a country life, his change of habits, his temperance, and the *longevity* which he expected to enjoy with his dear Susan—a child of nature—a mere flower of the forest. Susan had been my friend's cook before he was *dished* in town, and retired on an annuity.

This example was sufficient to deter

me from treading in my friend Frank's steps. I, however, thought seriously of returning home, and of living at Bath. One of the best reasons for this resolve was, that I had almost spent the fifteen thousand which remained, after satisfying my lawyer; and I thought that amongst my numerous acquaintance, comprising all the gayest of the peerage, men in place, men in power, men in parliament, that I might obtain a pension, and retire *cum dignitate*, upon a few hundreds a-year, added to an unencumbered two hundred, which was all that now remained to me; for I had been spending hitherto from twenty to five thousand per annum; and never could keep within the last sum. I now prepared to quit Italy, to take leave of

many interesting objects, to impress on my mind many a *cher et triste souvenir*, for the remembrance of Italy will ever be dear to me.

“ Solo e pensoso, i piu deserti campi

“ Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti.”

I was now preparing to bid adieu to the

“ Care selve beate e voi solinghi e taciturni  
orrori

“ Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri.”

After a brilliant day, a Neapolitan sky without a cloud, a sun-beam brighter than the most glittering burnished gold, and the gilded reflection of his refulgence playing on the waters of the bay, I took up my book, and went out to walk and to muse, to enjoy the cooler breeze



that, after fanning the flowers, circulated more richly through the air their spicy fragrance. I was enjoying the almost last view of the country about Naples, enhanced in value, and endeared in enjoyment, from the prospect of speedily relinquishing its pleasures, when I was accosted by my learned and sociable friend, the Abbate Burke, who offered to accompany me in my walk, which I gladly accepted. We conversed on the uncertainties and disappointments of life, a subject more edifying than agreeable to me, as I had built so much on friends at home ; but the conversation was useful, for I made a *contre-projet* on my way home, which was, that in case I should not succeed in getting some sinecure place or pension under



government, on my return home, to migrate again northward, but upon a reduced plan, and to end my days abroad. Just before I parted with the Abbate, he exclaimed, “Apropos, I forgot to tell you that there is a letter from England at your hotel.” He bade me adieu.

A letter from England! and from whom? I doubled my pace, and soon gained the hotel. It was in an unknown female hand. I felt some degree of trepidation and anxiety; I know not why. A letter from England to a Briton when abroad has much interest and price; we seem to be, for awhile, transported to our native soil; associations arise in our mind; and powerful nature holds a double empire over our

affections ; the past returns to our view, and days of fleeted happiness cheer us once more.

I broke the seal, and was horror-struck on learning that Eliza, the object which had so long been dearer to me than I was aware of, was past recovery, from a malignant fever caught from the lady with whom she had travelled to the South of France, and who had, on arriving in England, died of this malady. The writer informed me, that the principal motive for communicating this intelligence to me was papers of consequence, which she wished to entrust to me, and a disposition of property in my favor, the particulars of which would be imparted to me,

on receiving my directions on the subject.

This was a severe blow to me. I had no hopes of ever beholding her again, for whom so tender an interest had been created in my bosom; and the rescuing of whom from perdition had formed the fondest and most approving reflection of my life. As for any property which she might have to leave, the thing appeared impossible. I cursed Madame Marguerite; I blamed myself for not going to meet her when in the South of France; for not having broken my guilty chains; and for not having proposed marriage to her the moment I was free. It was now, alas! too late.

I hastily answered the letter, stating my immediate intention to return to England; and I set off the next day. I passed a sleepless night, and reproached myself again and again with having neglected an opportunity of making two people happy; whereas I had now sacrificed both, for my heart told me that I should never love another, never feel comfort with another partner, and yet I was not made for solitude.

My journey home (for I travelled by land) would have been delightful and interesting to any one but myself; but melancholy had seized on my mind, and unavailing regret threw a sepulchral pall over every object. Despatch was

all I had in mind ; and I therefore travelled night and day, until I was forced by a fever, arising from fatigue, to make a halt of three days. During this unwelcome delay, my reflections bore the raven's hue, and gloominess overshadowed every thought and every word. Refreshed by the interval of broken rest, and cooled by losing blood, I again proceeded night and day until I arrived at Calais. I embarked there in the night, fell into a profound sleep from the pressure of fatigue and suffering, and awoke in dear England with surprise, after an eight hours' passage.

The sight of my native land was not without charms ; but the load on my mind weakened my powers of enjoy-

ment; and I passed through green fields, and over hill and valley, almost without perceiving the change of scene. At length I arrived, in an incalculable short space of time, in town; having travelled as quickly as four post-horses could get over the ground. I lost not a moment in repairing to a lawyer, whose direction had been sent me, and who was to act as executor to Eliza, in case of her death.—She was yet alive!—what a relief!—but with very little hopes of recovery.

Her *homme d'affaires* informed me, that the lady with whom she had travelled, and who expired in her arms, had left her ten thousand pounds, but that she could never enjoy it. She had

bequeathed all her property, together with a number of papers, sealed up to me, mentioning me as her only friend, and as the individual who had saved her when on the brink of ruin. I will not take up my reader's time by a description of what I felt; first, because his own heart will describe it better than my pen; and next, because I am writing my life and memoirs, and not a sentimental novel.

I tarried but one night in town; nor should I have stayed thus long, had I not been *aground* in money matters. Here I was again relieved by my only friend; and our meeting, after such a long separation, came like a beam of light over my benighted mind and



heart, and cheered me under all my troubles. His generosity enabled me to pursue my journey in a chaise and four; and to post it one more day and night, until I arrived at the very bedside of my suffering friend.

The sensation which I experienced on beholding Eliza once more was ecstatic; nor was she less delighted than myself. From that hour she recovered speedily. I remained at Ivy-bridge until she was out of danger; and that visit produced another eventful period of my life, for our union was agreed on. I was, however, to go to town, for the furtherance of my interest, particularly as I was resolved not to run through the principal of the ten thou-



sand ; and, as the interest, added to my annuity, would only make seven hundred per annum, there could be no harm in my getting a snug place or pension, through the influence of my friends. My present prospects would place me beyond poverty and dependence ; but I could not vie with the society in which I had formerly moved on that small income, which only a few years back would scarcely have paid my tailor's annual bill, or have fed my stud during the hunting season. It was therefore agreed that I should not reside at Bath, as I had a strong propensity for play ; and I resolved boldly to solicit all *quondam* friends in power to be active in my interest ; and, finally,

it was arranged that my second bride elect should come to town when she had acquired strength enough to support the fatigues of the journey.

On my road to London, I amused myself with calculating the claims which I had on my friends and companions ; on the interest which they possessed, and on the prospect of success which I had with each of them. First, my only friend had almost ruined himself by a contested election, and was, moreover, on the wrong side of the question : it had been proposed to him to *rat* ; but for this he was too honourable and too consistent. I therefore struck him off the list, and began afresh.

Lord Lumberloft and I had been college companions. I fought a battle for him once with the bargemen, and got my head broken, whilst he ran away and got safe home. This was a *capital* plea for me; and his lordship, at the time, called me a *brave amongst the brave* (he did not count himself): he moreover swore, by the honor of a nobleman, that if ever he should be in power, and I should want his assistance, that hand and heart should be ready to serve me; that our juvenile scrape should never be effaced from his remembrance; and added, for he loved a scrap of Latin:

“Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”

We had often met at clubs, and dined

with each other at our own houses ; and I had every reason to count on him as a very steady friend. Luckily, too, he was in the ministerial interest, so that no political disqualification appeared in this negotiation.

Lord Labrador was the friend of my childhood : a *Jewish cross* in his pedigree had put him in possession of immense ready-money property : he had houses, manors, India stock, and I know not what beside : he brought in four borough members, and could have, as I was told, any thing for asking for it. I remembered having once lent him a thousand pounds at play ; and I gave him advice at the Oaks, which produced him five thousand guineas. I

once made him a present of a horse, and made him drunk fifty times at my expense without receiving any return. All good. The odds were certainly in my favor. Besides, when drunk, he used to say, that there was not such another fellow as myself in the habitable globe.

I next thought on Mat Moreland, another intimate at the university. Mat was born to an excellent estate, and had caught a dozen good windfalls. He started in politics as a patriot; and my exertions at his election were wonderful. I wrote his speeches for him, gave a slice of my constitution to his constituents, set up whole nights to do him honor, and speechified on the hus-

tings for his greater fame and renown. Mat had, of course, no ministerial interest ; but he had, through his wife, excellent connexions in India ; and I began to think that India was not a bad field for a broken-down votary of fashion. High situations, a numerous retinue, and a regiment of servants, would have suited my ideas to a nicety.

Then, again, the Yorkshire knight, Sir Solomon Softly.—But first, I examined my claims on Mat Moreland. Mat was much younger than me, and had a taste for playing at all-fours ; he lost *a love-game* to a farmer's daughter ; and all his honours did not save him. He tried to leave Meg in the *lurch* ; but she shewed him the trick,

and *took him up* as soon as he was down. His *nob* was now in limbo, when I bailed him, and made up the affair on easy terms. I reconciled the old squire, his father, to him, who else would have disinherited him; and I hid him from personal arrest, before the old gentleman was *stopped up*, at least half a dozen times. “*Bon,*” said I to myself; “here I may command.”

To return to the knight. He was a mere clod-hopper on one of my estates, a clownish, peasant-looking fellow. It was thought an honour, by him, to be asked to my table; and he behaved with the utmost reverence when invited. His farm was very prosperous:



and Solomon was very drudging. The scarcity, and consequent high price of grain, however, set Clodpole in activity, and he gained immensely by his speculations. Soon after, he married a nobleman's cast-off mistress, with five hundred per annum; and a half uncle of his died in Yorkshire, who was in the clothing line, and left him his business. A third lucky event next took place: his little farm was so thriving, and his next neighbour so *weak*, that Solomon let him into a *good thing*, and disposed of it for *double* its value. He then put all his property into the clothing concern, establishing a house in London, to correspond at the same time with the Yorkshire branch. A lucky new



address brought him up, as mayor of his town, to London; and he was knighted. He then determined on residing in London, got a Smithfield bargain of a borough, voted where he saw his interest lay,—just put in his *monosyllabic* word, by the nod of him from whom *he took his time*, and rode his nephew into a place; i.e. got him a place, and divided the profits with him. Such a man appeared wholly at my disposition; for the honor which I had formerly done him, the obligations which he expressed, his habit of *looking up to me*, the good company into which I had introduced him, the example which I had afforded him in dress and manners (for he used to get my coats and boots for patterns formerly),

made me consider him also as in my sleeve.

Lastly, Bob Bramble, my poor relation, who, at his *entrée* into life, was not worth a sixpence; who, when bound apprentice to an attorney, had borrowed small sums a hundred times of me, and never returned one of them; who had even condescended, on *great days*, to dine at a second table; who ran of messages, and did all my dirty work for me, at considerable gain to *himself*, was, I understood, in such extensive business, that he had *a pull upon every man's estate*, a knowledge of *every man's secrets*, and could get, for self or friends, whatever he asked for. A government man too!

Bravo! cried I, to myself: who's afraid? Some one of these must succeed; and I, perhaps, may have to pick and choose, amongst them, out of a dozen good things. *Bravissimo!*

## CHAPTER IV.

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LORD LUMBERLOFT received me with open arms. "What the devil did I mean by burying myself alive in Italy? How could I think of depriving society of its greatest ornament?" (My lord had turned courtier since we parted). He hoped that I was now come to stay in England; and if he could think of any inducement to keep me there, it would delight him. "All right as to money matters, my dear George? not so extravagant as heretofore? no more foreign mistresses nor race-horses?"

expensive cattle, both; ha! ha! ha! quite steady now? Must take a shooting-box near me: fine romantic scenery in our part of the country! pretty wenches too! a sly fellow you always were, George! d——d hand at running after the girls! ha! ha! ha! not grown a bit better, I dare say? Dine with us to-day; her ladyship will be delighted to see you. I must introduce you; quite a treat to have you amongst us; hey, old boy! D'ye remember the college row? all fresh in my mind; must stay to dinner, hey! what can I do to serve you?"

Thus did his lordship run on, repeating each sentence twice over; and "with generous questions, which no

answer wait." This he had *borrowed* from royal authority, for his lordship looked high, and was much more ready to *borrow* than to lend. I answered that I would dine with him with infinite pleasure; that I should be much flattered by the honor of Lady Lumberloft's acquaintance, and that my remaining in town, or even in England, depended on my success in obtaining something to increase my income, for that my former extravagances had much reduced my fortune. Here he fetched a short cough. I continued to state to him a wish to obtain some place or pension under government. "Very proper, very right; we all of us like a share of the loaves and fishes; ha! ha! ha! to be sure: no man fitter,"

interrupted he. "Aye," added I, "my dear Lord; and it is precisely to yourself (he looked astonished) that, from former intimacy (look of deceit), from our mutual regard, from your many professions of friendship, I make the present application." (He looked as pale as death).

We were now standing at the drawing-room window, close together. He drew back, adjusted his neckcloth, turned his back for a moment, and, then changing his position, motioned me to sit down beside him, on a sofa. All this I perfectly understood. His colour retreated, the blood ran back, like a coward, to the heart, lest its flow to the extremities, or to the cheek,

should betray him into a generous act ; he turned his back to conceal his confusion ; and he changed his position in order to gain time to invent an excuse for not serving me ; to obtain a few moments of recollection, to enable him to act meanly, yet to speak as handsomely as he could. Having placed me beside him, and cleared up his voice, he looked consequential, and thus began, whilst I sat

“ Smiling, as in scorn.”

“ My dear George, no man on earth would serve you sooner than myself ; indeed I ought to do so ; but no man has less ability. Hem ! I, I (repeated twice) have quite put it out of my power to serve any body. I——do you



understand me? (another shift to gain time, I bowed) I, I, have married a wife"—“And so can't do it,” interrupted I, rising to go. “No, George, my dear fellow, not quite that; you're a wag, ha! ha! ha! You must have *le petit mot pour rire*. — Married a wife, and can't come.—Devilish good! but, as I was saying before, my marriage has upset me a little.”

“Rather odd,” replied I, with a contemptuous sneer; “I should have wondered less if it had *upset my lady!*” “Admirable, by the gods! ha! ha! ha! upset my lady! good; d——d good! but you perceive (not in the least thought I) that I married a beautiful woman, a beautiful woman, I

assure you, George; know you'll like her; but none of your foreign touches; no making love to a friend's wife, hey, George! paw paw tricks; — won't do in old England, ha? well enough abroad!"

“To the point, my lord,” said I, with some impatience.—“Now, you see, I married a beautiful woman without any *argent comptant*; — didn't want it to be sure—plenty of my own; had you only wanted a loan, might command it; but observe, my lady has a hundred poor relations; and I have asked so many favours for them, that I positively will ask no more; it lets down a man's consequence, (pulling up the frill of his shirt, and puffing like an angry

turkey); it lowers a man in the sight of ministers. Besides, one don't know—times are so d——d hard, the existing circumstances are such—one don't know (casting about for a thought) but one may want something for self: charity begins at home. I stand high now (elevating his plain, contemptible person)—I stand high now with the big-wigs in power---hand and glove with ministers; but if I did not support their measures through *thick and thin* (looking amazingly big) I should soon come down to the level of another man. Mustn't sell consequence; mustn't fritter away our weight in affairs of state.

“ Therefore, dear George, I cannot

serve you in the way you wish. In any other (but that which I want, said I to myself)—in any other, honest George, command thy old chum. Now mind you dine here to-morrow ; seven the hour ; a *liberal* seven, ha, ha, ha ! people come so d——d late, nearer eight that is, you take ; and now I must be off, for the minister has a meeting of us ; we must have some small talk, ha, ha, ha ! rehearse a little before we go to the house, not to be taken by surprise.” “ Admirable by the gods ! ” exclaimed I, mocking my quondam chum.

“ Fare ye well, George,” continued he, bowing me down stairs ; “ always glad to see you ; Lumberloft always at home to his old friend (a shake of the hand

and a false smile)—always at home to him. By the way, (I was half way down stairs)—by the way, will you take any refreshment? a pretty fellow I am not to think of that sooner! Will you, I say, have any refreshment? (I was at the door) a cold partridge and some Madeira and water; a pretty fellow not to think of asking you sooner.” “A pretty fellow, indeed,” cried I, in a half whisper, as I passed his gates.

I sent an apology *too late* for dinner, and consigned the peer to contempt for the rest of my life. He never troubled me but with one morning visit, half an hour after perceiving me riding in the Park; and whenever he observed me in

the streets, he used to brush off as if I were under quarantine.

As he had said that if I had wanted a loan, instead of government interest to procure a place or a pension, his purse would have been at my service, I soon afterwards applied to him for pecuniary accommodation, merely to ascertain, beyond doubt, whether I had done him justice in believing him to be equally insincere in this offer, as in his other boundless professions of friendship. I need scarcely inform my reader that he *did* fail me in this trial also; and that he made, at the same time, the falsest, the most paltry, and the most specious excuses.

I next proceeded to Lord Labrador's. He was just going to enter his curriple as I knocked at the door. "Ha! George," cried he, "speak of the devil: you know the rest, my boy." "Vastly polite," said I. "Yes, George, the same as you always knew me; too honest and candid to please, (these qualities I never had discovered); but Lady L. and I were just speaking of you; I was saying what a good fellow you were; what a hell of a blood; what a dangerous man amongst the ladies; she don't like you the worse for that, George; no women do; but, as I was saying, George—take the horses to the stable—or will you take a drive?" I declined, but begged that I might not prevent him from taking his exercise.

“D——d good,” said he. “Yes, indeed; go any where to leave an old friend, and such a friend too; the best fellow I ever knew; no man’s enemy but your own; too kind, too generous, too open-hearted, too artless and unsuspecting, a little too fond of the *venere et vino*, the *bottle and the bird*, George (giving me a slap on the shoulder). Sam, bring the rat-tailed horse in two hours; must have a long talk with my best friend. By the bye, will you ride about four? My stable is at your command; plenty of nags eating my corn, and be d——d to them; you may have the grey, the Irishman, or the roan, or the cropped dun.” “Not the dun,” said I, “Labrador; I have had too many in my life.”



We went in, and I declined the ride.  
“Make my house your home; command  
my stable; will mount you every day.  
What a deuce of a time since we met.”

“Do you remember lending me that  
thousand when I was in such a run of  
bad luck? and the good thing you put  
me up to? and our sticking in a bog  
when we were shooting in Suffolk? and  
again, the pretty bar-maid at Tets-  
worth? and the hell of a fall I got  
riding your kicking horse, with the  
duke’s hounds? poor duke, we’ve earthed  
him! Drank too hard; a good enough  
fellow, but a d——d fool; ran the  
wrong side of the post in politics.  
Poor Hardy too, shot in a duel; and

Lady W——grown as fat and as ugly as the devil.

“ Now, George, we’ll have just a merry half dozen of us ; there’s you and I, my lady wife, stuttering Sir Frederic Fastgo, who will keep us in a roar of laughter ; and there’s singing Jack, our old college companion, warbles still like a nightingale, and the little doctor, whom we’ll quiz, and send home *mortal* to his wife, in a wheelbarrow ; *n’est ce pas ?* George. By Jupiter, how merry we shall be ! I say, let my *drum-stick*, (another laugh, N.B. meant for domestic, and intended for wit), let my German *drum-stick* fetch your clothes ;

and don't let us part before sun-rise to-morrow, I say. To be sure we *won't* be merry? I have not seen the like of you since you went abroad."

What a rattle this fellow is grown, thought I to myself; but what a good heart! Surely he will strain every nerve to serve me. I therefore thought, that whilst he had the *warm fit* on him, I had better proceed to business; and I resolved to open the case as briefly and as promptly as possible. "Labrador," said I, "I accept your kind invitation to spend the day with you, and I anticipate a most convivial meeting; but before we give ourselves up to mirth and wine, let me speak to you con-

fidentially.”—“ That you may, and command me too,” interrupted the peer.

I then made known to him my altered fortune, and the plan I had in my head; I requested his interest and patronage; and concluded, by assuring him of my gratitude in return. I saw him stagger: I perceived his changeful countenance, his quivering lip, and disappointed air. “ I have sworn,” said he, “ never to ask for any thing; I have not been handsomely treated *above stairs*; I have (he stammered shockingly) been lately refused in a quarter where I least expected it (I perceived the lie upon his lips); other-

wise, my dear friend, I would have served you *con amore*; but as it is, the thing is impossible."

Here, in order to countenance the *falsehood*, he pretended to look for a letter from the premier in his dressing-room: this was a second *ruse de guerre*. He came back agitated; said that he had mislaid the letter, but would send it to me the next day: he looked uncommonly grave, and could scarcely hit upon a topic of conversation.

In about five minutes, Florence made his appearance with "Me lord, me lady tell to me to speak to you about de dinner; se send respec to dat genti-man, ans se kennot have de honor to

see him for dinner dis day, bote to marrah she be moste happee; she shall dine to day mit de Duchesse of Fustenburgh, vich she say your lordship most forget.”—“Aye!” cried Labrador, relieving the *lying valet*; “it is but too true, my dear George; but I trust that to-morrow will suit you as well, for we must have you. D—n it, how could I be so stupid? But (recovering from his confusion) who can remember any thing else, when they meet an old friend after so long an absence; and so good a friend too?” Here he shook me violently by the hand.

I told him that I was engaged for a week, after which he should hear from

me, resolving at the same time not to keep my promise ; and I quitted him, not without shewing him that I understood his deceit, and was hurt at his unfriendly conduct. These two visits opened my eyes in great measure ; but, as I had set myself the task of trying my *soi disant* friends, I was resolved to go through with it, and I accordingly dined alone at a coffee-house, and proceeded the ensuing day to Mat Moreland's.



CHAPTER V.

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I THOUGHT I had now an opportunity of acquiring some useful experience; and I therefore determined to persevere. Accordingly, I went to Mat Moreland's, and waited in his dressing-room until his return from his morning ride.

Mat came in, in new boots and leathers, the very tip of the mode, his head in the stocks, with a stiff starched cravat, and a coat which fitted him like wax. He accosted me with twenty oaths. "What, *old* George! why where

the devil did you come from? Tip us thy dexter, my best friend: it's a century and a half since we met. Bless your old heart, I am glad to see you; to be sure, you don't dine here to-day; and to be sure, I sha'nt be tipsey a few; and all the house, if you like, wife excepted, you sinner! D—n me, we'll kill the fatted calf, you dog.”

“Because I have been a prodigal!” said I. “Aye, to be sure, *old chap*; and so is every fellow that's good for any thing: d—n economy and prudence; and every fellow that won't help his friend with his money, his life, his interest, and with every thing but his wife.”

“Best of fellows!” exclaimed I; and

shook him heartily by the hand.—  
“Best of fellows!” repeated he with a look of reproach; “why, I should not be worth a cup of cold caudle, if I forsook thee: a man who turns his back upon his friend is not worthy to live.”  
“The pearl of good fellows!” said I to myself.

I now made known to him my change of fortune, and told him that I would willingly accept of a good appointment in India. I easily discovered the motions of his mind: he was perfectly electrified; he had supposed me still in high feather. The idea of the reverse almost convulsed him; but he had more nerve than the two peers; he heard me out patiently; and when

I came to a conclusion, he affected great jocularity and mirth. “Well, d—— me, old boy, never mind; my services thou may’st command. It is a long lane that has no turn.” He now proceeded to discourage me from going to India; he thought the thing wholly unsuitable to a gay fellow of my habits; a secondary situation he would not allow me to take; a thing of value was not easily obtained; if I had but applied six months sooner,—such an appointment! but it was always time to try, and try he would, and I might always count on his friendship.

He now looked at his watch. “Zounds!” cried he, “past three o’clock! who would have thought it?”

I must be off about a little business. Come, start, you old sportsman; we meet here to dinner at seven. What a glorious day we will have! I'll work for you at the India House. Off, my boy."

This was a great flourish; but I read perfidy in every line of his countenance. "No more friendship after to-day," said I to myself; "it is all over, and I was right." He returned; he was flat at dinner; mirth was absent; wine was *not* pushed hard; his wife was stately; and his company was stupid.

Instead of the blazing night, and the sitting carousing "*until all was blue,*" a black servant came down at

eleven, and with a *dictatorial* tone said, "Mrs. Moreland's compliments, gentlemen, and coffee's ready."—"Will you have another bottle, George?" faintly and feebly said mine host, laying great emphasis on "will *you*." "No more," replied I; and instead of going up to the ladies, I walked off, disgusted with my third friend. "Lords and Commons are alike," said I.

He did not call on me for a week; and he *then* chose the most unlikely hour to find me at home. I had foreseen the change, and did not again call at his house until he had made his first visit. I saw him at the window, and overheard "not at home, John;" and

I have never since heard of him, or the appointment in India.

My next application was to Sir Solomon Softly. I arrived at his villa, where, when an easterly wind set in, he had truly *rus in urbe*; for the smoke and corruption of London was then abundantly wafted to his trumpery temple of ease. Here he had a piece of architecture of the *archi-composite order*; for his lady's fancy and his own clumsiness had blended the ancient and modern, the Egyptian and the Roman, the fanciful and the stiff, together, in the most heterogeneous manner. He had centaurs and lynxes, Venuses, and satyrs, fawns, wood-nymphs and water-



nymphs, nudities and oddities of all kinds, with a smoke-dried Mercury on his house-top; a viranda and a Grecian portico, a greenhouse and an observatory, an aviary and a grotto, a labyrinth, and a piece of water filled with silver and gold fish, were here congregated in strange confusion upon one acre of land, covered with sun-flowers, pionies, hollyhocks, and dying exotics.

On approaching the vestibule, I perceived a creature of diminutive size, as erect as a pikestaff, wearing a tin lacquered stock round his neck, so tight that he could not shut his eyes, a cane under his arm, and the dress of a serjeant, parading in front of the

house, and marching backwards and forwards, not in *ordinary* but in *extraordinary time*. This warrior styled himself the colonel's *horderly*. "And who's the colonel?" said I. "Vy, his honor, Sir Solomon," replied the little serjeant. "Defend us," said I, and proceeded into the hall; into which the worshipful alderman had crowded half-a-dozen chairs, adorned with his arms, consisting of an escutcheon on *ermine* (a civic honor doubtless); a chevron, with two books and a boar (meant, probably, for the ledger, the day-book, and himself); the motto "*honestas*" (not so clear and appropriate as the rest), and surmounted by the horn of plenty, and all the emblems of knighthood, to

represent, I presume, my lady's and his own achievements.

A servant in the tawdriest livery imaginable, with gold kneebands and aiguillettes, and treble rows of lace down his coat, announced my name, in what the alderman used to call *a laudable and sonorous voice*: and I was permitted to enter the *penetralia domi*, where sat the knight, grown so enormously fat, that he was scarcely recognizable, amidst Turkish sofas, candelabras, tripods, and indecent pictures, purchased for fashion's sake at enormous prices. Sir Solomon was stuck fast in an arm chair, and looked all gingerbread and tinsel, in the full regimentals of his corps, and surrounded

by a sash, which must have measured no trifle when loosened. "How now, Sir Solomon," said I: "what are all these metamorphoses for? Are you going to act Major Sturgeon, or is your chateau in a state of siege? How comes this military parade, with all the circumstance of glorious war." At this moment a bugle was heard from a distance. "'Tis Sir Solomon's horn," said the servant. The knight now honored me by his recognition. "Ha! George," cried he, "'tis he, by the *god of war!*" I was not quite used to this freedom from Sir Solomon; but knight-hood performs great changes; and I passed over this impertinence. "George, I *salute you,*" cried he; "and before you go, my parade shall present arms

to you, and receive you with *hopen* ranks. I am glad to see you, by the *god of war !*"

Here another livery servant entered, saying, "Colonel, Sir Solomon, the *corpse* is waiting." "Mercy," cried I, softly, "do you clothe corpses, or are you going to a burial ? If so, don't let me stop you?" "Oh ! no : " answered he (a little hurt by the remark ); " it is *my own corpse.*" (I stood aghast): " the military corpse as I command ; five hundred of the finest *volunteers* in the whole city of *Lunnun.*"

I now sat down, and we began to converse on old times ; Sir Solomon interlarding his conversation with inap-

plicable military phrases, and frequently swearing, by the *god of war*. He was interrupted by a bandy-legged serjeant's coming for orders for the regiment. "Vy, tell Captain Patypan," said the colonel, "to put the battalion through the *eight shilling* movement," meaning, I presume, *echelon*.

Presently afterwards, Serjeant Bandy re-entered, and informed Colonel Sir Solomon that Captain Patypan had got the men into the solid square, and he could not get them out of it for the life of him. "Take the book to them," said his honor, "and threaten them with my coming." "He *have* gotten the book, Colonel Sir Solomon," added Bandy; "and he can't make nothing

of it." "Then fetch the *hadjutant*," imperatively concluded the knight: "folks of quality is not to be broken in upon on *parish* ———, military business I mean; and gentlemen ought to know their profession before they takes the command.

In the course of our hour's conversation Sir Solomon talked a great deal about loyalty and patriotism; and as how the *wolunteer* system was a *scarecrow* to Boney and the *salivation* of the country; as how it behoved every good subject, however high his rank, (here he pulled up his breeches) to turn out in his country's defence; and what he would do if the French were to *hoffer* to land, *by the god of war!* how



Britons would behave; and how he would fight for his *hacre*; and as how not a man of the French would go back to tell the tale. He then mentioned something about his *charger*, which I have forgotten; for I was so tired of his *rage militaire*, that I turned the subject, and came abruptly and unceremoniously to my own business.

The moment this *mirror of knight-hood* perceived my drift, he drew up, and looked as insolently as he possibly could. He told me that these were no times to *axe* favors, and that our acquaintance did not warrant such a liberty; that people of quality had so many petitions brought to them, that if they attended to them, they would

have nothing *helse* to attend to ; that, lastly, whenever he had a favor to confer, he gave the *perference* to the officers of his *corpse* ; and that he was surprised at my indiscretion. He then rose up and begged me to quit him, as he felt a fit of the gout coming on, and could not be intruded on.

I seized my friend by the epaulette, and told him that his insolence could only be accounted for by his ignorance ; that I ever held him as my inferior ; and that neither his knighthood, nor his military command, had made me alter my opinion : finally, that if he had not the gout, I would drill him with my hand-whip, better than he had ever drilled his corps ; and that if he chose

to resent this as a man, he would find me with a friend at the Hummums, in a couple of hours. Twisting his epaulette off his shoulder, I threw it in his face ; on which he roared out for his *horderly* ; but I retired unmolested ; and, after waiting four hours for *the god of war*, I returned home, and have never since heard of my clothing acquaintance.

My last visit for the purpose of asking favors was to Bob Bramble, the *ci-devant* ragged attorney's clerk, my poor relation. In him I found just as great a change as in the rest of my acquaintance. He had assumed the buck, and played various aukward antics to imitate the fashion. *Damme* was

attacked to every phrase ; and at every word he took up his quizzing glass, suspended from a golden chain, as if he was near-sighted, although the fellow could see as far as any limb of the law in the town. He had a fist like a shoulder of mutton, on which were stuck a diamond, an antique, and a cat's eye of great value. From his gold repeater dangled a dozen seals, all gems, and all taken in execution ; a splendid gold box was pulled out of his pocket every five minutes ; and, in the whole of his ornaments, there was an ignorant and an arrogant display of finery and of expense, which was truly disgusting.

“ My best friend in the world ! ” cried he, on my entering his apartment.

“ Heartily glad to see you : have a carriage, and a box at the opera, always at your command ; a plate at my table, and a bed at each of my *two* country-houses.” (How times were altered !) “ Shall be proud to serve my benefactor, &c.” He then played off some airs of consequence ; talked of *us* and *we*, and of people in high life, and of his influence, and his intimacy with men in power ; the confidence which he enjoyed, the secrets of state which he knew, and the *pull* which he had upon extensive landed property.

I felt no bashfulness in making my case known to Bramble, who swore and protested, and promised his unwearied efforts, with the most flattering

prospects of success. He invited me to dine with him the *next week* ; when, he observed, he would invite a party of *nobles* to meet *his very best friend*. But the day previous to that fixed for the dinner he sent me an elaborate epistle, putting off the entertainment, on account of the indisposition of Lord ———, a client of his, who had (he pleased to term it) received *notice to quit*, i. e. had a paralytic stroke. On the second day fixed Mrs. Bramble was too ill to receive company ; and he never provoked me the third time.

Here ended my hopes of patronage, places, and pensions. I shall never

more put my trust *even* in the companions of my youth.

During my sojourn in town I met with Emma, in one of my morning rambles : her accomplished protector had *only* left her a dice-box, and a few instructions ; but these had sufficed to set her up in a chariot, and in a very fine house. She was so good as to ask me to dinner ; but I was not quite flat enough to accept the invitation, for my friend, Sir Matthew Merry, swore that two bottles of champagne, at her house, cost him fifty guineas.

Madame Marguerite, too, kept a bank at her house, and assured me that I



should not play if I would only come to her *petit souper*, and that I should be her *caprice*; but I had experienced too much of this lady's caprices to return to her chains.

I must here, however, record a service which she rendered me. I had been invited to a *fête*, to be given by the Chevalier d'Argentcourt, who had supped at the countess's the night before. A plan had been concerted to introduce play, and to allow me to win thirty or forty guineas. An impromptu dinner was to be proposed for the next day, at which all the attractions, which woman and wine could offer, were to be brought into the field. Major A—— was to make a dead set at me with the

bottle, for his head was extremely strong, and I was then to lose, at least, a cool thousand. The next day, Mr. A——, the attorney, was to offer his services to raise the money, by way of annuity, and thus I was *to be divided amongst my friends*.

Marguerite was inimical to the chevalier, and caught at the opportunity of indulging her animosity. She accordingly sent for me, and let me into the whole plot of these *scélerats*, as she called them. “I will not go,” said I. “By all means go,” answered she; “and I will put you *au courant*. Win their money, accept the engagement for the next day, and send an excuse at dinner-time; then change your lodg-

ings, and never speak to any one of them again."

"Admirable!" cried I, "no better advice could be offered;" and I followed it to the very letter. I dined, brought home fifty guineas, and sent the half to Madame Marguerite. I observed becks, and winks, and signs, at the first fête, and was informed that a splendid dinner, dressed by Brunet, was prepared for the next day; but the wolves only met each other, and the *mouton*, whom they intended to fleece, was not forthcoming. This was the *last* I ever saw of the comtesse, and the *first* good she had ever done me, or, I believe, any one else.

I now left town, and met my intended: I was married a second time, and thereby put into possession of five hundred per annum. The short peace occurred just about this time, and I resolved to go abroad, with the view of making my income go as far as possible; by which means I procured many of the elegances, and some of the luxuries of life, which, at home, I could not have enjoyed. I fixed upon Amiens for my retreat, the *grande foyer des anglais*; but a few transitory months drove us thence. A second war was declared; and, in spite of fair promises, we were made prisoners, under the title of *detenus*. Indeed, we had neither the honor, the profit, nor

the satisfaction of being prisoners of war. Whatever oppression we endured, and we did endure much, it was in vain to murmur: we had no chance of fighting for our liberty; and, if overpowered, we were destined, in the language of Homer,

Woman-like, to fall, and fall without a blow.

## CHAPTER VI.

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LUCKILY for me, I had experienced, not what poverty *was*, but what it would have been, had I depended on *my friends* for provision or for support. I therefore took with me abroad a sum of ready money in gold, besides arranging the payments of my annuity and dividends ; otherwise I should, in common with almost all the detained, have experienced the greatest pecuniary difficulties. After several removals, I was permanently domiciled at Verdun, that grand depôt of Britons, with whom the

French government had broken their faith.

The variety which Verdun exhibited was not unlike a masquerade. We had every class, from the marquis to the skipper, and every character from the hero to the swindler. The confinement to which we were subject brought each individual before the eyes of the rest ; and thus I saw more of Englishmen abroad than ever I had done at home, in all my experience and vicissitudes. The *detenus*, however, were placed in circumstances equally unfavorable to comfort and character. Many were arrested on a sudden, without any arrangement for their support ; and many, who had gone to France from mere



curiosity, were in a moment ruined, by being snatched from their trades and avocations. Verdun, small as it is, exhibited an amusing variety of scenes of real life.

In spite of our captivity, we had intrigues and adventures, gaming and racing, high and low dissipations, duelling, and amours, in abundance. Money commanded the respect of the French inhabitants; but character and good conduct were necessary to secure the esteem of our countrymen. Amongst the principal persons detained there, were the Marquis of T—, Lords Y—, B—y, and B—e, Sir A. D. Sir T. W. Colonel M—, Colonel T—, Major B—y, and the Honor-

able Mr. E——y. We had also a number of traders, now converted into paupers ; and midshipmen, who, through inactivity, became like so many mischievous monkies : a few poor subalterns, likewise, strutted their hour at Verdun, and made no small impression on the female inhabitants ; amongst whom elopements from their families, to become *la maîtresse d'un detenu*, were very common ; whilst concealed connexions, which ended in permanent attachments, were still more frequent.

In justice to the Verdun belles, it must be stated, that none who were *des maîtresse à titre* were unfaithful to their lovers ; and even those who were generally most *volages*, were faithful

*to the English.* The sphere of life in which the people of Verdun moved was not the highest ; for which reason love-conquests were not of the noblest order ; but it was there, as elsewhere—

“ Sans un petit brin d’amour,  
“ On s’ennuierait même á la cour.”

Notwithstanding the war, the English were respected : with the women they were perfectly in fashion ; by the other sex they were far from being ill-treated, except when guilty of gross misconduct. But this liberality was shewn by the people only ; the government acted with unrelenting cruelty.

A few of us fell victims to the severity of our treatment ; not in Ver-

dun, but owing to the harassing marches and countermarches about the country, fatigue, the inclemency of the weather, and the brutality of our conductors. The worthy Marquis of T—— fell a sacrifice to these hardships ; and it is wonderful how so many people, bred up in luxury, could endure long journies on foot, or in miserable carts, where I have seen women of fashion exposed to hardships which it rent my very heart to witness. As for myself, I had no right to complain ; for my small income went a great way in France, and purchased respect and comfort for me ; which otherwise I should not have met with.

It is painful to record, that envy crept into our society ; and there were

amongst us those who repined at others, good. We had an almost daily performance of the School for Scandal; and the circulating library of a watering-place in England, or the pump-room of Bath, scarcely exhibited more instances of *medisance* and detraction. But we had amongst us some most estimable characters.

The Honorable Mr. E——y was of that number; and I trust that he will never be forgotten by his countrymen and fellow-prisoners. A certain *right honorable* lord acted a very different part: he would gamble with a *detenu*, whatever might be his rank, and unblushingly pocket his money, or his security; not disdaining to win and to

receive so paltry a sum as fifty francs. This is the peer who can play by proxy ; and who is so celebrated for gaming and transactions of gallantry.

Young Lord B——, who was amongst us, is a man of honor and intrepidity ; but he certainly carried too much sail for his ballast. So wild a youth I think I never met with ; but his heart is in the right place. His beauty was very attractive to the females of our town ; but his sacrifices to Bacchus occupied too much of his time to allow him to pay his devotions in another line. “ *Comme ils boivent, ces Anglais,*” was the common cry, on seeing his young lordship and the hard-going set to which he belonged. A *tripot*

was set up by a French firm, on the mere speculation of fleecing *les Anglais detenus* ; and Madame de S—— made a journey to England since, merely to melt the securities given at the gaming table at Verdun.

This lady, who once was very beautiful, played a *vilain role* in England, after the peace, pestering and persecuting people who had incautiously lost their money at Verdun, by way of killing time ; and leaguings with Jews and attornies to pursue them. She was better known by the name of the Comtesse de V——, when the lover of a gentleman of balloon notoriety, and afterwards the companion of a Duc d'A——, and of a Comte T——. Her last



*amant* was a German prince, to whom many people assert she was married. If so, “ *je lui en fais mon compliment.*”

Another lady of notoriety, whom I met with during my stay in France, was the lovely, but dangerous, Madame B——l. The French government employed her as their agent in Russia, not only to be a spy, but also to disseminate French principles.

It was a common practice with the court of the Thuilleries to despatch to foreign courts beautiful courtisans, who co-operated with the ambassadors and spies from France ; and to employ ambassadors, secretaries, and agents, as expert in military affairs as

in diplomacy. They could therefore discover and report the assailable points of the countries to which they were sent, their strength by sea and land, the discipline of their armies and navies, &c. Then were irreligion, pseudo philosophy, gold, intrigues, and female influence, employed to corrupt, enervate, and overthrow kingdoms and empires.

Madame B—— was one of the most powerful and successful female agents of the French. She bewitched the heart of the impatient, imbecile Paul of Russia; she ruined and denounced a great number of Russians, and delivered them up to the rage of France; and many, it has been asserted, lost their

lives on her account. Thus is woman still transcendent, both in good and ill. Alas! how many deluded victims might exclaim—

— Χρην γαρ αλλοθεν ποθεν βροτος  
Παιδας τεκνυσθαι, θηλυ δ' εκ ειναι γενος,  
Ουτω δ' αν εκ ην ηδεν ανθρωποις κακον.

## CHAPTER VII.

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INDEPENDENTLY of the affairs of gallantry, which “*astonished the natives*” of Verdun, we had, amongst ourselves, some transactions in that line ; and so many were the exchanges of wives, the conjugal proxies and wedlocks without *marriage* ceremonies—so many the after changes and promotions, the desertions, and the strange partners introduced, that, whenever a man amongst us acknowledged his female companion for his wife, giving her his name, the *lieutenant de police*

used to say, “good and well, *mais est-ce la veritable?*” A very necessary question at that time; although the Frenchman was not at all scandalized at our love concerns, provided they did not interfere with his own fire-side; and as to the dear creatures of the other sex, “*they were not straight-laced*” in any sense or acceptance of the term.

As to our manner of living at Verdun, the following sketch of a certain lord's proceedings, which he will readily acknowledge as true, will serve for all those who had money at command to procure the comforts of life.

“Rose about twelve; appeared on horeback about two, with a groom

behind him, dressed much alike, with hunting frocks and coloured silk handkerchiefs; galloped furiously through the town, or lounged half off and half on his saddle; hat cocked on one side, whip under arm, whistling or humming an air, staring, and ogling the girls; went the prescribed one mile out of town in two or three directions; returned, and, for want of something better to do, dressed a second time, more genteelly, and went to talk nonsense, for half an hour, to some tradesman's daughter, or *marchande de modes*; kept two fresh horses parading before her door; and, at about four o'clock, took the second limited ride, in order to shew the *four horses* in one morning; returned and dressed elegantly

for dinner, showed himself to made-moiselle, on whom the four horses and the three changes of dress produced the desired effect; went to dinner with an English party, talked about horses, dogs, and intrigues; got drunk, and was either carried home by friends, or picked up by enemies, whilst in the act of making a street row, and had to make up the business "*à force d'argent*" the next morning, for which *mi lord* was called a *bon diable*.

Sometimes a horse-race, a match at billiards, with the gaming-table at night, furnished the only variety which filled up the Englishman's life: yet, strange to tell, many of us were very happy there; many forgot home and



captivity ; not a few formed permanent connexions ; and some even regretted leaving Verdun. Whether this is to be attributed to the love of the fair sex, of French wines, or of idleness, is best known to the parties.

I was not without my private anxieties whilst detained by the French government ; for, besides the loss of liberty, insufferable to an Englishman, a cold, caught by travelling, deprived me of the best of women. I had experienced the extremes of matrimonial happiness and infelicity ; and I now became once more a solitary being. I felt severely the loss of a beloved woman and faithful friend—but no more of that. At length peace

restored us to liberty—every man looked homeward, and made up his bundle to return to the *natale solum*; many with diminished fortunes, but increased families and incumbrances. Tears flowed from bright eyes at Verdun; and *paquets* were made up by many a lovely dame, who followed the fortunes of the *ci-devant detenu*. Upon the whole, the fair had no reason to complain of English lovers; and our departure was more regretted than desired.

On quitting Verdun I visited Paris, and saw the allied troops, previously to their departure from France. I was also in time to view the monuments of art which rapine had transferred to Paris; and I observed the dejected eye,

and the scowling glance of the *Badaud*, who could not bear to see his town denuded of its plunder, nor his own insignificance deprived of the importance which he usurped, like the fly upon the wheel, by including himself in the “*we*” who raised such a dust, and ravaged so large a portion of Europe—that *refunding* or *returning* did not at all suit the Parisian’s taste, although justice and dire necessity demanded the sacrifice.

Of France, “*verbum non amplius addam*,” except the following very singular, and to me, interesting story, of *la petite Rosalie*, of Valenciennes, which occurred during my stay at that place.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LA PETITE ROSALIE.

Rosalie was lovely as the blushing dawn of a May morning; she was gentle, kind, and tender. She never knew her parents; for her mother died of a broken heart before Rosalie had reached her third spring: her father she had never beheld, being a child of love; and she was reared and educated by charitable aid. At an early age she was put to service, and earned her bread with virtuous industry, when the *détenus* were at Valenciennes.

An English gentleman and his wife, of some distinction and fortune, pleased with her appearance and address, engaged her as a servant. Her gentle manners, her modest mien, her pleasing voice and becoming deportment, added to a most interesting person, and an attractive humility, gained her the affections of her master and her mistress: but, in a short time, the former, who had been all his life a hardened libertine, conceived an illicit passion for the prepossessing Rosalie, who united with the *naïveté* of a *piquante* French woman the downcast simplicity and rustic neatness of an English girl.

With men in high life, vice seldom breaks out by assault and outrage; but

creeps like the tiger ere it springs on its prey, and grovels like the serpent ere it insinuates its poison into the veins. The libertine, therefore, gradually gained the gratitude and respect of Rosalie, by kind treatment and presents, long before he disclosed his guilty passion. Both by him and his wife the orphan was treated more as their child than their servant; they often admitted her to their society, raised her to the situation of lady's-maid and companion, and interested themselves in the cultivation of her mind. The heart of Rosalie was extremely susceptible of impressions of gratitude. She returned the regard of her patrons with enthusiastic affection and dutiful obedience. She was not a favorite of her fellow-servants, because

she was a stranger, preferred to them, and very retired in her habits, shunning their familiarity and society, without intentionally offending them, and courting seclusion and study when out of the company of her master and his lady.

Improved in mind and person, she attained her seventeenth year. As she grew in loveliness, her libertine master's passion became more impetuous; and he basely resolved on her ruin. From the condescension and complacency of a kind superior, his attentions and his marks of preference began to assume a more lively character of affection, and excited the suspicion and jealousy of his wife. Every day her partiality for



Rosalie decreased, until she became proud, distant, and severe towards her ; and, at last, treated her as a common menial.

Rosalie was of too tender and susceptible a mind not to perceive the cruel and afflicting change. Yet fate had placed her so far below the oppressor who now trampled on her, that she dared not to seek an explanation. Accustomed as she had been to look up to her mistress as a parent and a friend, she now dreaded her approach, trembled at her harsh command, and fled before her stern frown like the rose-leaf, blighted and driven away by the rude and tempestuous wind. Her only consolations were a tranquil conscience, and

a pure and virtuous mind ; but her health speedily sunk under the acuteness of her sufferings, and she was stretched at last on a bed of sickness.

All this time her sensibility was construed into sullenness ; her retirement attributed to pride : her sickness was, by her mistress, considered as a mark of her harboring a guilty passion, which rendered her still more odious in her sight. The libertine still testified for her the deepest and the tenderest interest, and daily increased his marks of attention, of kindness, and of affection. In her illness, most particularly, he evinced a parental feeling towards her, and gained still more upon her wounded yet grateful heart.

Such was her innocence, that she felt relief from his seemingly protecting care ; such her artlessness, that she mistook desire for sympathy, and impure passion for pity and condescension. She stood now on the very brink of ruin, yet blind to her awful position : she recovered apace ; and soon did the returning rose bloom on her damask cheek.

Her master gazed with rapture on her renovated charms ; his passion spurned all restraints ; and he proceeded to caresses, ardent kisses, vows and petitions, unfit for innocent ears. Rosalie was horror struck ; she trembled and was silent ; she stood motionless and wept ; she withdrew, but had not

courage to repulse ; she wondered, but dared not to resist.

Taking advantage of her unprotected and solitary situation, he resolved on breaking through every bond of hospitality, and on gaining by force the sacrifice which he felt that tears and promises, and all illicit love's wiles and ruinous stratagems, might fail to secure. Entering her chamber by surprise, he would have completed her ruin ; but Providence armed her resolution, doubly nerved her arm, and steeled her injured bosom to past impressions : she seized a knife, and would have plunged it in his bosom, had he not precipitately retreated, maddened with shame, fear, and disappointment, and slunk like a

detected criminal to hide himself in his chamber.

The scream of anguish, which preceded the exertion Rosalie had made in defence of her honor, had disturbed the family: the servants flew to her chamber; her mistress rose from her couch; they found her door locked; they forced it, and discovered her extended apparently lifeless on the floor: they proceeded to her master's room, and discovered him in violent agitation on a sofa. He drove them furiously from him; but the case appeared to his wife but too clear, and she resolved to turn the unprotected orphan out of doors. This Rosalie, herself, anticipated; for the moment that she reco-

vered she solicited permission to leave the family, which was willingly granted; but fresh misfortunes awaited her.

She was closely examined and questioned by her imperious lady as to the strange appearances of the morning; but she was resolved to conceal in her bosom both the intended injury and her master's disgrace. Gratitude secured him so far; and Rosalie determined to avoid, by flight, further danger, and agony of mind. Unluckily, as it then appeared, a courier, who had travelled with her master and mistress, had been long in the habit of pilfering articles of plate and wearing apparel; and as no discovery had, as yet, been made, it was resolved to

examine Rosalie's trunk, ere she was suffered to depart. She readily submitted; but requested her mistress to respect a bundle of papers, containing family secrets, and of no value to any one but herself. They were, she said, the only legacy of a mother whom she had never sufficiently known to remember; they were the only inheritance of a wretched orphan. This bundle excited the particular curiosity and suspicion of her lady, who instantly broke the seal; and she eagerly examined every article which it contained. She gazed; she started; she grew mad with fury, on finding a bundle of letters in her husband's hand-writing, addressed *à ma chère Annette*. This name she was convinced was only



assumed to cover his intrigue with Rosalie.

On further examination, she found a gold wedding-ring and a cambric handkerchief, marked with his initials on hair. This was enough. She outrageously assaulted the trembling Rosalie; she then flew infuriated to the libertine's apartment, and declared what had passed, accusing him with frantic violence of infidelity. He denied the charge; said that the letters must be forged to answer some base purpose; and that, if a handkerchief of his and a gold ring were in Rosalie's possession, they must have been stolen, for he never gave her such articles. Enraged by his degrading disappointment and unsated

passion, he eagerly seized the opportunity of unmanly vengeance, and ordered the poor orphan to be seized, and thrown into prison on a charge of theft. This was, indeed, a triumph for his lady wife. The order was instantly complied with; and Rosalie, strong only in her own innocence, was led away like the gentle lamb, to be a sacrifice to man's barbarity.

In the hurry and confusion arising from surprise, and from the enjoyment of sated vengeance, the jealous wife had not mentioned to her husband the *feigned* name (as she considered it) which appeared on the superscription of the love-letters. She now proceeded to peruse these warm productions,

when her husband entered the room. His dazzled and astonished eye caught the direction, "*à ma chère Annette ;*" he recognized his own guilty handwriting ; and snatching the packet abruptly from his lady, flew with it to his closet. The first record of infamy which met his view was a promise of marriage, sent with a wedding-ring, as the precursors of Annette's destruction ; next, numerous amatory epistles, filled with perjured oaths and unperformed promises, broken vows and fond expressions, deceitfully framed for the fatal purposes of seduction. On searching further, he found a handkerchief of his marked with his cypher in Annette's hair, which he had given her when, drowned in tears, she reproached

him with his inconstancy, and when he strove to calm her sorrows by hack-nied expressions and words of unfelt tenderness. Proceeding onwards, he learned her premature death ; and, letting the paper fall from his hands, cast himself in an agony on the ground, for it brought a killing truth to his horror-stricken mind—Rosalie was his own child !

She was the fruit of perjured love, the living testimony of a mother's shame, and a father's villainy. What had he done ? What had he not done in his career of passion ? Agitation, little short of madness, convulsed his frame : he sent for his angry wife, and ordered the liberation of his daughter,

explaining every thing, and calling bitter imprecations on his head. Yet, how to behold her! The trial was dreadfully severe to both. To him it brought anguish that wants a name; to her, the horrid recollection of having raised a parricidal arm against the author of her existence. A fixed melancholy overshadowed the libertine's mind during the remainder of his life; but he performed a parent's duty to his child in the most exemplary manner. Rosalie is now married to a worthy man of rank and fortune; she is the happy mother of a lovely family; and she enjoys the felicity merited by her patience under adversity; her gratitude for kindness; and the firm resistance of her virtue against every temptation.

CHAPTER IX.

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HAVING gratified my curiosity at Paris, I took the route to Calais, and felt no small pleasure in being so far on my road to old England. If it be true that a *special* licence for fancy and imagination be *given* to poets and to painters, a still greater licence is *taken* by travellers. A grumbler whom I met on this journey seemed determined to exercise this privilege in its fullest extent; for, seeing that I was almost a stranger, after ten years exile from home, he assured me that England was *done for*; that the war had

ruined her : that peace came, like the doctor, too late, and was of no earthly use ; that our workhouses and our hospitals would soon be overflowing with starving and incurable objects, discharged from the army and navy ; that it would not long be safe to go to bed at night ; that robberies would be committed in open day both by officers and men, reduced to poverty ; that the tradesmen must shut their doors, there being no commerce left ; that public confidence was destroyed, and that *Henry Hase* would speedily lose his credit ; that all the gold was carried out of the country ; and that debts were paid only by whitewashings and bankruptcies ; that the people would rise on account of their starvation ; and that the whole population of



England was migrating to foreign parts ; that no gentleman would live in England upon bread and cheese and small beer, when he could feast upon game and claret on the other side of the water ; finally, that the grass would shortly grow in Cheapside, and cricket-matches be played in Bond-street.

Upon enquiry, I found that my traveller was one who *enjoys the smiles of the fair* only on one occasion—to wit, a knight of the tooth-brush and polisher of *bone* : I only wonder that he did not assert that *all the teeth in England* had been drawn, since the people had no longer any use for them.

In the packet, I met with a number

of returning English : and at Dover with a drove of fashionable emigrants. Both these classes seemed to unite in one object ; namely, misrepresenting the two countries, France and England. The former wish to pass for people of good taste and high accomplishment ; and all those who had no importance at home, tried to borrow it from the opposite coast. Many whom I had known, ill clad and almost starving, talked of their regret at leaving a country where they had lived so luxuriously ; and others talked of sauces, *ragouts*, and of *vol au-vents*, of *vin d'Hermitage*, *du Rhone*, of rosy Champagne, and of high-flavored Lafitte ; as if they had possessed a cellar and establishment fit for a duke ; when I have known

them to dine at a *gargotier's* for twenty sols, and to be contented with half a bottle of sour wine, or *la petite goutte pour faire la digestion*.

“ Pray,” cried Miss Minikin, “ do they *valze en Angleterre* ?” affecting to forget her *vulgar mother tongue*. “ Can one make up a party for quadrilles ? not the vulgar obsolete game at cards, but the *contredanses Françaises*, I mean ? *Lud !* how I do like the French, their *politesse* (which I found all flown), their *galanterie Française* (which consists in loose conversation before women, and an uncommon low bow), their nice cooking ———,” “ And their *petit môt pour rire*,” exclaims fat Mistress Firkin from Ald-

gate, who had been detained through a smuggling speculation during the war, and who had solaced herself in the absence of her spouse by taking in clear-starching for the English, and by having young ladies boarded in her house, in order to learn barbarous English.

A third lady said that she was sure she never could stay at home (good reason why, she had nothing to live upon); and that the French were so *aimable* and so free, that she could never bear her boorish countrymen. “*Bien obligé, Mademoiselle,*” said I; but she turned out to be a *detenu’s* wife, who amused herself with reading Voltaire and Rousseau until she became not only a free-thinker, but a *free actor*;

and she never could expect to have so numerous a circle of admirers as Verdun afforded to her *at homes*.

Nor was this preposterous rhodomontade confined to the fair sex. “I am always taken for a Frenchwoman,” said one elderly *rusty belle*. “And so am I too,” answered Captain Rooney, “from the correctness of my *pronoun-sation*, and from *Jenny see quaw* in my manners.” Now, the captain was an ensign in the Roscommon Militia, and had gone to France to look after the effects of a half uncle, a priest. Being detained, he called himself captain (a good travelling name); and he lived better as a prisoner than at home. The borrowing trade did him no harm; and

his fresh colour and good nature recommended him to the notice of all the restaurateurs' and aubergistes' wives within a mile of his quarters ; whilst a handful of blackthorn, which he called a *switch*, kept husband and creditor at bay, and paid the reckoning as he went on. Pat, however, had too much respect for the emerald isle to allow any foreign tongue to intrude upon his parts of speech ; and he accordingly spoke unintelligible English and French, but very pure and energetic Irish.

An Aberdonian too wanted to pass for a Frenchman, but his *brode auccent*, and his rigid economy, soon betrayed him ; and I recognized in him the *domine* of a young tailor, who, when on

his travels in search of a polish, was detained in the act of demurring about paying an extra half-crown to escape in a packet boat. Both of these characters stretched the traveller's prerogative to a great length ; the one as to his learning, the other as to his prowess and his adventures.

Sam Weatherbrace too, a midshipman of my acquaintance, must dabble also in the marvellous. He had been too long a prisoner to remember what *plain sailing* was ; and, accordingly, on our passage, he spun the *profanum vulgus* such a long yarn, that you might have travelled on it to the land's end. He assured a superannuated old woman, that the whole town which he inhabited in France



was in love with him, and that he was so much the fashion, that nothing but Sam would go down. With the ladies, it was *ça'm' amuse*—Sam amuse ; *ça mé plait, ça me chatouille, ça m'en-chante, ça me desespere* ; with the men, *ç'a m'etonne, ça m'effraye, ça me fiche malheur* ; in a word, he was the delight of the women, and the terror and astonishment of the men.

Our countrymen on their way to France were little more correct in their statements than the travellers whom I have already mentioned. One said that *no fortune* could stand the taxes and public burthens, and that there would soon be a new order of things ; another assured me that no man knew

how to live in England ; that the climate was detestable, the mode of living coarse and irrational ; the people brutal and unsociable ; that government would soon see where they were when the best people in the country left it ; and that nothing but the war saved England : it was an unnatural *impetus* which kept the wheels of state in motion ; a fever which produced *plethora* ; that peace would bring us to nothing, and that we could not stand two years of it.

Now, the first was a ruined rake, with a legion of bailiffs and duns at his heels ; the other was a bankrupt, who had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of London ; and, what he pretended to be a matter of election, was one of ab-

solute necessity. All this appeared very strange to me ; for, through my various vicissitudes of fortune, I never wanted in England the comforts and even the elegances of life, nor did I even know a luxury which money would not procure in London. Things, thought I to myself, as I lolled alone in my chaise, must be strangely altered since I left England. Perhaps great part of this account is true. But I was agreeably undeceived on my arrival in London ; and if the Frenchman says, that *il n'y a qu'un Paris*, the Englishman may fairly reply, there is only one London.

At Dartford, I met with Lord A, on his way to France. He professed to be

going there “merely for a lounge, because every one was going to Paris; because a man must follow his acquaintances; and because the French metropolis was now nothing but London adjourned; and it was better to throw away a few hundreds there than to waste one’s time and money at a watering-place; nay, indeed, it was even cheaper.” “Not,” said I, “if you give dinners at Roberts’s and at Very’s; if you look in every night at the *salon des etrangers*; if you contribute to support the establishment of *Madame d’Unan*; make presents to theatrical ladies; or stagger nocturnally with our countrymen (who alone get drunk in Paris) into *De l’Aunaye’s*, &c.” For thus it is that *Maître Bull* acts, whilst

he is pretending to save his money, to bring up, or to put his estates out to nurse, during his residence in France."

We now mutually enquired after our friends, on each side of the water. Mine, he informed me, were all ruined ; yet I saw most of them looking as gay, and acting as extravagantly, as ever. To be sure, many had gone abroad ; some were *wind-bound*, i. e. for want of being able to raise the wind, in the Isle of Man ; others were pent up in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, in Scotland, whilst they made their friends in the south believe that they were taking a northern tour, or grouse-shooting on the moors.—Mac Flourish, for instance, who, after some years being the *Abbey*

*Laird* of many an Eloisa, slipped his cable, and delighted the frail ones on the coast of France ; some were living by *rule* ; and some *out of all rules* : the peer himself was *not out at elbows*, Western was too good a friend for that ; but he was what fashionables call a *little in the wind*.

On my part, I gave his lordship a list of the *nouveaux arriveés* in Paris many of whom had come off at *three parts speed*. There were rooks, martins, hawks, woodcocks, pigeons, and all kinds of *game, birds of passage, birds of prey, black birds, black legs, black game, red legs and blue stockings* ; *legs* with scarce a stocking or shoe, *game-keepers, pigeon fanciers,*

knights of the *crescent*, knights of the *golden fleece*, and knights who had been fleeced of all their gold. Knights of the *Garter* were few. *Milord Vilainton* (as the French call him) was *seul dans son espece*, but there were many *above that order* in the ladies' favor. There was a certain *bon vivant* well known at Carleton-house; a reprobate parson, stale articles of trade, male and female speculators *sine fine*, members thrown out of Parliament, and servants thrown out of places; whiskered dons who had, and many more who had not, seen service; ladies whose servants wore huge cockades, to show that they *were constant to the army*; wives looking for their husbands in the army passing through France (some



very unwelcome too), and husbands who, having been used to foreign parts, had looked out for other wives, by which much confusion occurred ; in a word, I told him what a carnival appearance Paris had, and enumerated our many acquaintances lately arrived.

By Lord A's recommendation, I drove to Long's Hotel, where I meant to stay but a short time. Circumstances, however, prolonged my *sejour* there, which is not very unfrequently the case ; for although the term *wind-bound* may not exactly apply to this situation, I can assure the inexperienced traveller that he is likely enough to be *land-locked* there ; and, if he is as expensive as some of the gay

frequenters of the hotel, he soon may be *on his beam ends*. Once more in dear London; adieu all ideas of economy: I was a single man again; had ten thousand in the stocks, besides my annuity; and was fully resolved to plunge once more into the giddy vortex of fashion.

## CHAPTER X.

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SUCH changes had taken place in London during my ten years absence, that Ovid's words,

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
corpora,"

occurred to me the very first day on which I beat the old ground of Bond Street, St. James's Street, and down to the Horse Guards; met my horses at Fribourg's; bought the prince's mixture; cantered over the same ground which I had walked over, up Piccadilly, through the Park, and down again to Long's. I

now saw an entirely new race of beings. The scene of festive mirth and riot of the Horse-Guard table had lost its wit and roar, and been transferred to the more courtly table kept at the palace long previously to my departure ; but it was now sunk into a still more insipid guard mess-house in St. James's Street, where schoolboys, of my days, talked of war and of slaughter, of bivouacking and of forced marches, in contradistinction to my old associates, who never bivouacked beyond the watchhouse ; shot nothing but game ; whose fighting extended only to fighting *shy* of bailiffs ; whose hardest service was getting pelted by a hail storm, whilst attending the king ; and whose forced marches ended at Hampton-Court,

Deptford, Richmond, Kew, and *royal* Windsor ;—who used to spit for half-crowns into the Thames, or play at chicken hazard all the morning, and get drunk all night by way of destroying the *enemy* (time) who still conquered in the long run.

I must confess that the change of life and of service is for the better ; but the good fellows *temporis acti*, seem to be but ill represented by their successors.

In my morning ramble, I passed a number of my female *detenu* friends, whom I recognized by the hump on their backs ; their looking down, as if

to pick up pins ; their minikin short steps suggesting that

“ Ce n'est que le *premier pas* qui coute,”

their coal-scuttle bonnets with an elevation like a church steeple, surmounted by a broom of feathers, which appeared to have been plundered from a hearse, nodding over their foreheads. My male *detenu* acquaintance I could easily discern, by their being worse dressed than other gentlemen ; either preserving the ill-hewn boots of a Frenchman, or the ungentlemanlike round *would-be* English hat, which convinced me that an Englishman of fashion in his morning dress is the most gentlemanly dressed man in Europe.

I could detect a few counterfeits whom I had known abroad,—with brass spurs, and a downy appearance on the lip, black handkerchiefs round their neck, and military great coats,—who had been midshipmen, clerks, and men in civil employment, but who fain would recommend themselves to the fair as colonels, captains, hussars, or gay dragoons.

The short petticoat of my fair country women certainly enlarged the views of the other sex; and as it seemed to rise daily, I dreaded that it might soon come to a *ne plus ultra*; while its flounces and falbelas put me in mind of the curtain of a theatre just drawing up before the performance.



In the course of the morning, I met some college companions, who, from having been soldiers and sailors, had *taken orders* ; *holy orders* I mean ; but who were, when out of the pulpit, just the same hard going jolly dogs as when first we were acquainted. I should like much to hear some of them preach.

One of these *ci devant militaires*, now transferred to the church militant, is a *prime* bruiser, or what is more appropriately and modernly called, a first-rate *gentleman miller*. With him I dined at Long's—he was an inmate at the house, although he never slept there ; and he put me up to a number of things, which I had either forgotten in

my long absence, or had never known ; for I must confess that the modern education, in point of being *down as a nail*, or *awake* to what is going on, is very superior to the *savoir* of my early days.

We sat down to dinner at seven, which the parson deemed an early hour. Our party consisted of half a dozen besides ourselves ; all gay, well dressed fellows, of most expensive habits, and apparently young men of fortune. There were Sir Veteran Fox, Lord Marino, George Juniper, Major Skirmish, Tom Thoughtless, and Charles Crafty ; besides the Reverend and myself. Such was the extravagance of some of these gentlemen, that half our

evening was spent in contriving how to make the entertainment expensive enough. We had wines sent for, and tasted, returned, or changed, but always desired to be charged; for it would have been unhandsome to the house to do otherwise; champagne burned, truffles added to every dish, pine apples cut and thrown away—such a waste I never witnessed; the chief promoters of which, as I afterwards discovered, were ruined men, who never meant to pay the bill directly or indirectly.

The dinner went off well enough; for Long can furnish as many dainties, and do things in as good a style, as any one, in spite of long credit, bad debts, and, now and then, the

reckoning being paid by an insolvent act, or compromise.

Lord Marino and Young Juniper left us rather early ; when Sir Veteran said to Skirmish ; “ What flats these fellows are ; they are only fit to join one in an annuity, or to pay the bill.” Juniper is a narrow-minded, mere mechanic ; his counter affords him plenty of money, and yet he has so much of the shop about him, that he grudges paying for being brought into fashion. It is a painful task which I have undertaken ; and if the fellow does not conduct himself better, I shall cut him entirely, and leave him to a sense of his own wretchedness.”

“Apropos ! where are your whiskers, major ?” said Thoughtless. “And the green spectacles ?” cried Charles Crafty. “And the box-coat and Welch wig ?” added the parson. “*Taisez vous,*” replied the major, putting his forefinger on his lips ; and the conversation on that subject dropped immediately. Twelve o’clock struck, when the baronet gave a smile and a nod to the major, who, raising his eyebrows, and looking all regret and surprise at Thoughtless, said in a theatrical attitude and tone, “Remember twelve !” On which the other flew up, and cried, “I totally forgot my engagement with the earl-marshal.”—“Doubtless, the Duke of Norfolk,” said I. “The same,” re-

plied the baronet, with a wink; and our friend Thoughtless was off like a shot. All this surprised me a little; but the parson solved the problem for me at breakfast next day.

The characters of the party were then given by him as follows:—Lord Marino was a young man of high birth, and great expectations, but in want of cash. He was introduced to Sir Veteran, who had joined him in raising money on annuity, a joint security in which is Juniper, the son of a rich distiller, and the baronet, who being nothing, the flats will pay for all, and, if they grumble, may dread a shot.

Sir Veteran Fox is a battered old

rake of fifty. It was of him that Mrs. M\_\_\_\_\_rs (who is a good judge) said that he was a worn-out old rake, without a *good point* about him. Sir Veteran has, still, his family seat and old entailed estate; but the former is generally let, and the latter is mortgaged and annuitised up to the last shilling of its value; so that, in fact, he has no income at all; but the name of the thing sounds well: it enables him to vote at elections, and gives respectability where the real *status quo* of his affairs is not known. He has seen a great deal of high life; he understands the odds at betting; knows all the Greeks and Trojans, the best horses, the most fashionable frail ones, the best and longest ticking tradesmen;



but he practises very little himself, being too well known: moreover, in the decline of life, he wished to live quiet and respectable.

Now and then he had a small party to dine at an hotel (for nobody knew his lodgings); or, if his house in the country was not let, he took down a party for a week, invited a *workman*, and the flats were done by proxy: good advice was given; regret was expressed at their imprudence; and *thus* nothing transpired. But Sir Veteran's great resource was being a child's guide. He got acquainted with greenhorns, and undertook to bring them into fashion; during which period of instructions he lived with them, rode their

horses, drove their barouche, mail, or curricie, passed their chariot or vis-a-vis for his own; recommended them to coach-makers, horse-dealers, tailors, boot-makers, and to far more expensive and ruinous acquaintances—to *gentlemen* of the turf, or of the *Greek legion*. What his feeling was is easily conceived; but so he carried on the war, having a number of excellent tables open to him, a welcome amongst Greeks, horses at command *on trial for friends*; and tailors who never troubled him, whilst he recommended numerous acquaintances. If he dined at a tavern, he tossed up for the reckoning; and when he tossed up, you might depend on his winning.

*Major Skirmish* had that rank many

years ago; but he sold out of the army: soldiering yielded him more in the cabinet than in the field; and a whole skin is better than a bed of glory to a man who values *life*, which no man does more than the major. He has spent a large fortune; but he is of the *new school*; and he took devilish good care to keep a handsome residue for *self*. Besides selling out, and placing the amount of the sale of his commission at high interest in an annuity scheme, he is very deeply in debt to Jews, money-lenders, and even to tradesmen; “but he knows better,” said the parson, “than to pay the *raps*; *ergo*, he is what we call a *Sunday man*. He keeps snug with a fair dame at some obscure corner near town, Peckham Rise or Bayswater,

Vauxhall, or Newington ; changes his quarters often, and lives like a son of a king at home. If he comes to town, it is incog,—a box coat, and Welch wig on,—or a pair of false mustachios, and the furred pelisse which you saw him in,—or a pair of green spectacles, his hair powdered, and a dress like a clergyman. On a Sunday he is himself ; calls on tradespeople ; gets his letters at the St. James's ; negotiates his business ; but catch him who can after night-fall. “ You saw his joy at the arrival of twelve yesterday,” added the parson, for he was then all safe ; then it was “ *pede libero pulsanda tellus.*” This would be called by the old school cheating his creditors ; but in the present day *every man looks to himself ;*

and surely he ought to love himself and his *chere amie* better than a Jew, an attorney, or a shop-keeper.

The parson drew breath here, and swallowed a cup of coffee, when Madame ——'s carriage passed by. "That woman," said he, "keeps a register-office; they are innumerable in London; she can tell you *every thing*. Others keep private *bureaux* for procuring places and pensions; some for matrimonial engagements; one (lately knocked up), a regular *pulpit* agency-office; some, less delicate, for *lost characters*; some, where you may *purchase a character*, and get a householder to *cry up* your credit; to give you a good name; to represent your

affairs as if he was your agent ; to accept your bills ; to bail you ; to arrest you on a friendly writ ; or to do any thing for you which you can possibly think of.”—“ What an improvement !” exclaimed I ; “ but let me know all about Thoughtless and Crafty.”

CHAPTER XI.

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“ TOM THOUGHTLESS,” said my informant, “ is a rattling young fellow, whose father half ruined the family property by his election ; and Tom has completed the work. Besides getting a few thousands in debt, he is now in the Rules of the King’s Bench ; and the hint of ‘ Remember twelve ’ applied to him, as he ought to have been in his lodging by that time ; but there is no fear of any one present betraying him. His friends will not pay his debts, although very able so to do, for paying debts is now quite out of



fashion; nobody pays one shilling which he is not forced to pay; and the old plan of paying the debts of a son or a brother out of mere honor is quite obsolete. You'll find nobody act so quixotically as your friend's father, Lord Cr——."—"He was a noble fellow!" said I. "Stuff!" said the parson; "every one looks to himself now-a-days."

"But to return to Tom. It is intended that he should throw over his creditors, by tipping them *the Act*, and then his friends will do something for them."—"What a disgrace to him and to them?" said I. "The devil a bit," said the parson. "When that is over, he will get a fine

appointment in India, and come home in eighteen or twenty years as rich as Cræsus. Now, as the fellow is not above twenty-five, he will be able to enjoy life then, and to live like an Eastern king besides. Doubtless, by that time, he will *be up to every thing* (for there's *greeking* in India as well as here); and then he'll know how to take care of his money."

"And," added I, "if he be a generous, well-principled fellow, he will pay all his creditors with interest for the time which they have waited for their money." "Not a bit," said the parson: "a parcel of villains, who take in young men, forcing their merchandise on them, and charging them one

hundred, aye three hundred per cent. profit ; not to mention the Jews, whom I have advised him to sue for usury. Bless you, George, if a horse-dealer, or a coach-maker, or a hotel fellow, gets half-a-crown in the pound, he does not lose a farthing. Besides, the vagabonds stick up their losses to the account of the man who pays."

"Then," said I, "I suppose I shall have to pay for Tom Thoughtless's share, without the merit of treating him." "To a dead certainty," replied the reverend ; "yes, and for Charles Crafty's also ; but I assure you, that a tradesman makes a lower bow for a compromise than for a fair payment of his bill, because the former case is

desperate ; and, if an old debt, it is a *gift*, as the statute of limitations has already settled the matter.” “ But conscience, parson ! ” said I—“ Is all my eye, George ; but don’t parson me because you know that I am a clericus *per forza* ; and if I go now and then to my living, preach the flats a moral good ready-made sermon, and behave decently down there, ’tis all that’s required of me.”

“ Charles Crafty is by no means the thoughtless giddy fellow he wishes to appear. He has been a spendthrift by system, calculation, and principle, otherwise he could not have lived in the splendid style which he has done ; and if he had not lived in that style,

he could not have kept the first company. He had a moderate fortune at one-and-twenty, when he was only two thousand pounds in debt, contracted at Cambridge. He spent his all in five years ; but then the elegance and the expense of that period, like the heat which remains in an oven, when the embers have burned out, kept him warm and in credit for four years more. This may be easily managed, if a fellow possess any *vers*, and only deal with topping tradesmen, who are in the habit of giving long tick, and who are afraid to press a man of fashion who don't pay, for fear of offending his high connexions and friends who do pay.

“ Charles is now in debt about ten

thousand pounds ; but as he has a letter of licence for two years, he is as gay and as free as any fellow. He deals upon the square *to a small amount*, which shows economy ; and has a fresh ticking set of tradesmen, who know nothing about the *letter of the law*. He keeps his tilbury and groom, both well appointed ; and has a French fellow to dress his hair ; he frequents all public places ; is strong in credit here at the hotel, in consequence of having recommended the marquis and Juniper ; he dresses, as you see, uncommonly neat ; and he lives with a *cast-off*, to whom he has given a promise of marriage when his uncle dies, who is a hale fellow of fifty ; so that he

don't expect to be called upon to fulfil his engagement in a hurry.

“ As for the letter of licence, when it expires, he will be just about as able to pay as he is now, nor has he the least idea of doing so; but he runs all chances of a lucky hit, a windfall, or getting into parliament, of which he has great hopes; for he paid poor Bill Versatile for writing a most splendid pamphlet, which has strongly recommended him to government. Besides, if worst come to worst, he can emigrate with his *gouvernante*; and Juniper has promised, whenever he wants a thousand, to let him have it on post obit, by joining in the security. With this a com-



promise can be effected from abroad ; and Juniper must go to the wall for the *bagatelle* : what's a paltry thousand ?”

I here took occasion to observe that, in high life, there were some improvements in economy ; for, in my time, a gentleman would not be seen riding in a one-horse chaise, nor have permitted a fellow smelling strong of the stable to sit beside him ; now, a well-dressed man, with a neat dennet or tilbury, a good spanking horse, and his groom by his side, is as much respected, and goes about in as good style, as one with his curricule and pair, and two-mounted grooms, either on horses with winkers, to match those in harness, or with a brace of bloods, worth four hundred gui-

neas: a useful piece of saving knowledge! for if the out-riders' horses should happen not to be a match, a man must keep at least six nags, if ever he rode on horseback, or four in the latter case: then even a pair that *match*, costs not only double, on account of the number, but more, on account of being a good match, stepping together, &c. Then again, the boot behind, now in fashion to carry two grooms, or two footmen, saves a couple of horses; and, in posting to Bath, or to the Moors, economizes a hat-full of money for post-horses.

Before we parted, I requested the parson to let me into Bill Versatile's history, whom I had seen in the Blues.

He gave it as follows :—“ Mr. Versatile had been educated at the university of Oxford, and he was a bright scholar, but very wild. He first figured in the militia of his county, and next in half a dozen regiments of horse and foot, spent a very fine property in five years, and then sold out and took chambers in the temple. Such were his abilities, that he would have been a star in the profession of the law, had not his idleness and extravagance, his dissipation and eccentricity, marred all his prospects of advancement and riches. Whilst he affected to follow the law, the law followed him ; and he was never without a score of writs out against him. His chief support was playing at whist, *on the square* too,

with superior judgment, and horse dealing. At length he snapped up a young lady in a decline : her state of health was his inducement to marry her ; and he soon got rid of his wife,

“ Took the onion from his eye,  
“ And touched ten thousand pounds.”

This he soon spent ; but he picked up a woman of lost reputation with twenty thousand more. Her conduct was what might be expected ; so they separated, and fairly divided the fortune between them. Bill now turned speculative farmer ; but the lodging in St. James's Street, and late hours, overturned the concern : his bailiff sacked the profits ; and Bill appeared in the Gazette. He then launched out more splendidly than ever, *as a blind* ; and won a

thousand pounds on a race; but his race was not of long duration, and he was plunged into prison, where he remained, supported by a weekly trifle from his wife, and by the charity of his more wealthy fellow-prisoners, all of whom sought his society with avidity, and were benefited by his advice and talents. After long confinement, he was liberated under the act, and he now lives very comfortably on about four hundred per annum, earned in the following singular way—

“He has an office, which appears to be a scrivener’s: here, it is understood, that law opinions, and advice on every subject, may be had at a very reduced price. Bill attends in disguise, and writes

pamphlets for or against ministers, memorials, love-letters, anonymous letters ; makes verses for those who cannot make them themselves ; carries about letters of licence for signature, personating the uncle of the young man involved, who will, in time, do something for him ; corrects schedules, and puts the greenhorn up to all sorts of trap, all this *sub rosa* : and then amuses himself all the evening. I am told that Lord —— has offered to settle a hundred a year on him for travelling to Italy with him, besides making him a handsome present on his return. Moreover, Versatile has found out something, perhaps a quack medicine, by which he swears that he shall make his fortune."



We now separated, and I reflected how little I yet knew of life, of these ways and means, which were quite matters of astonishment to me.

I now adopted the tilbury system, and took some other hints of modern economy ; but my outset in town had been so extravagant, and I had been already twice duped, once by lending three hundred to an old acquaintance at the club, and once by playing at Sir Veteran's birth-day dinner given at the hotel, that I was obliged to sell two thousand pounds out of the stocks, before I could look round me. I now called in Long's frightful bill, and discharged it ; and I made good resolutions as to future order and economy,



determined not to be eaten up, as formerly, by servants and horses ; and to travel by the mail-coach instead of in a chaise and four, with an *avant courier*, and other extravagancies. “ Bravo, resolution ! ” said I, so I treated resolution to some mulled claret, took my taper in my hand, and went to bed.

END OF VOL. II.

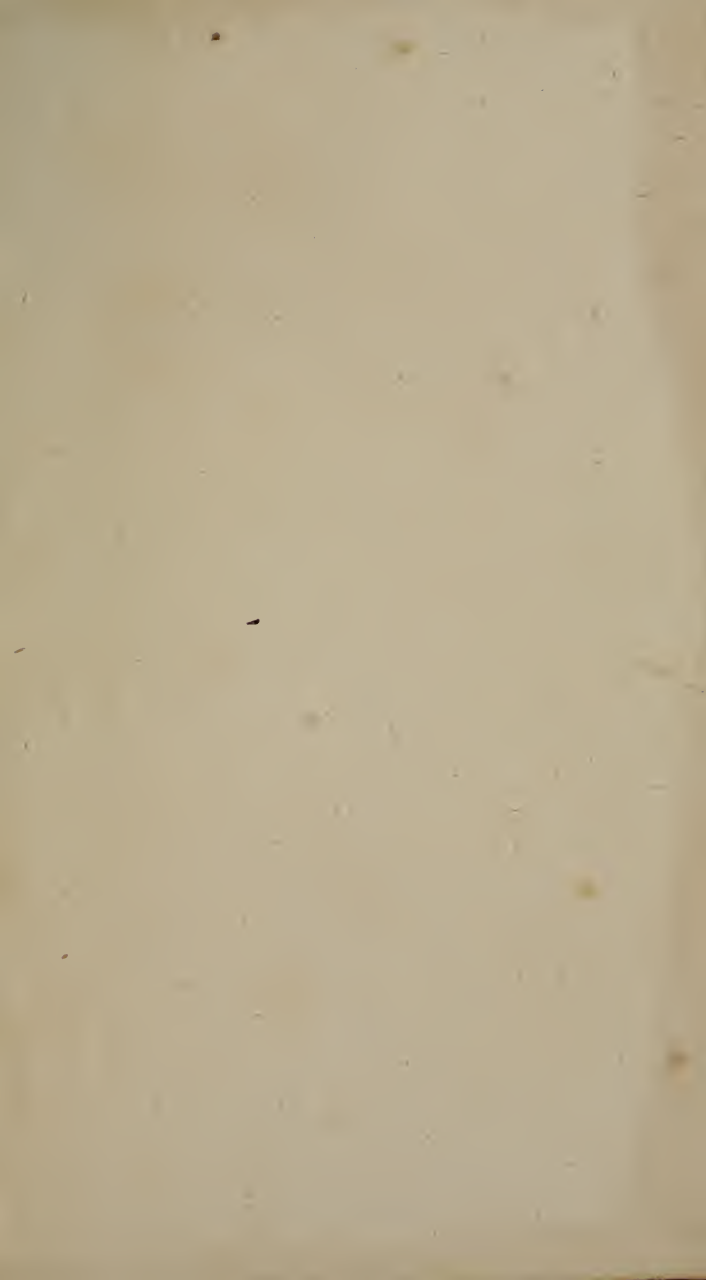
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